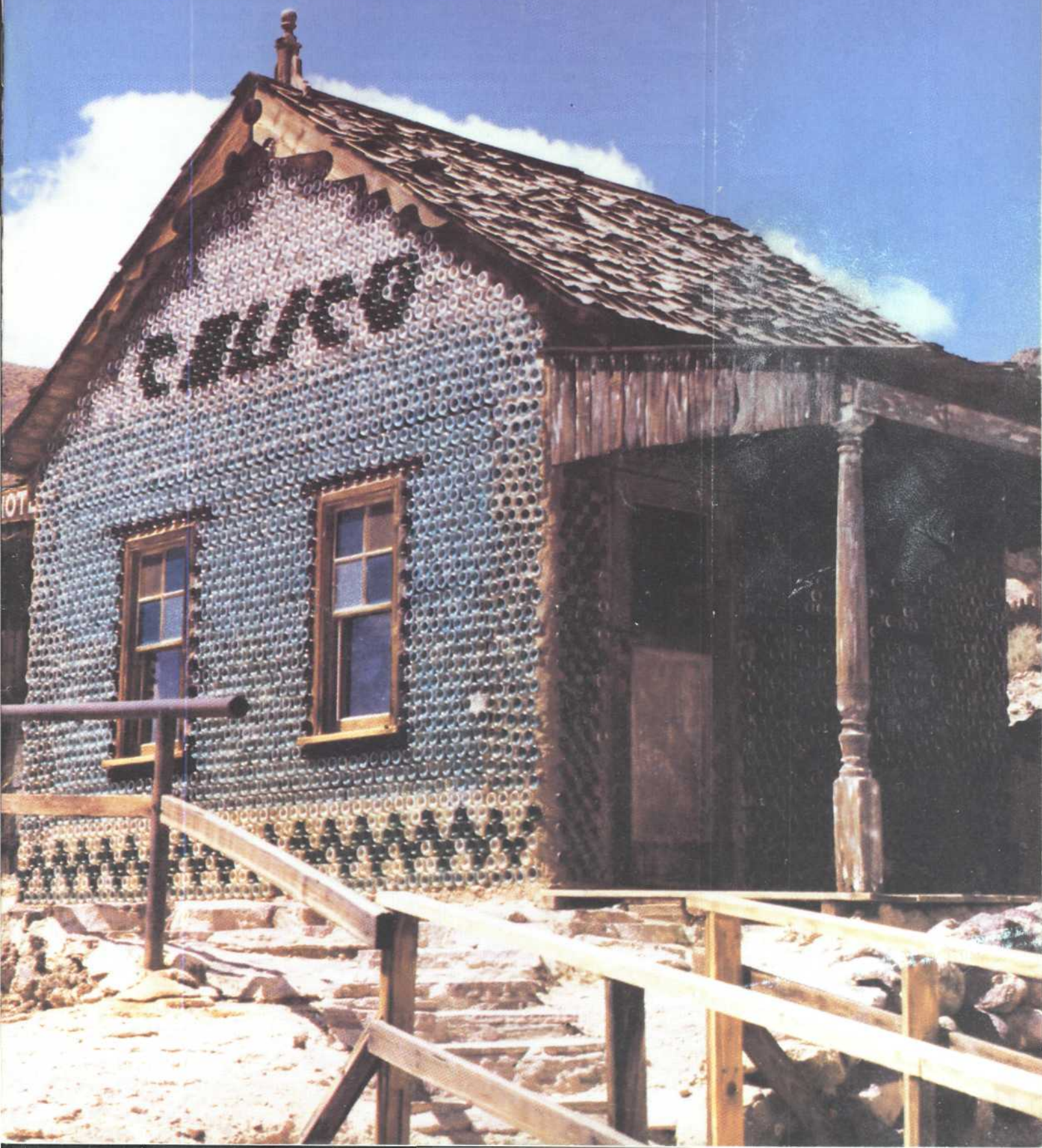


# Desert

MAGAZINE of the SOUTHWEST

June - July 1985

\$2.50

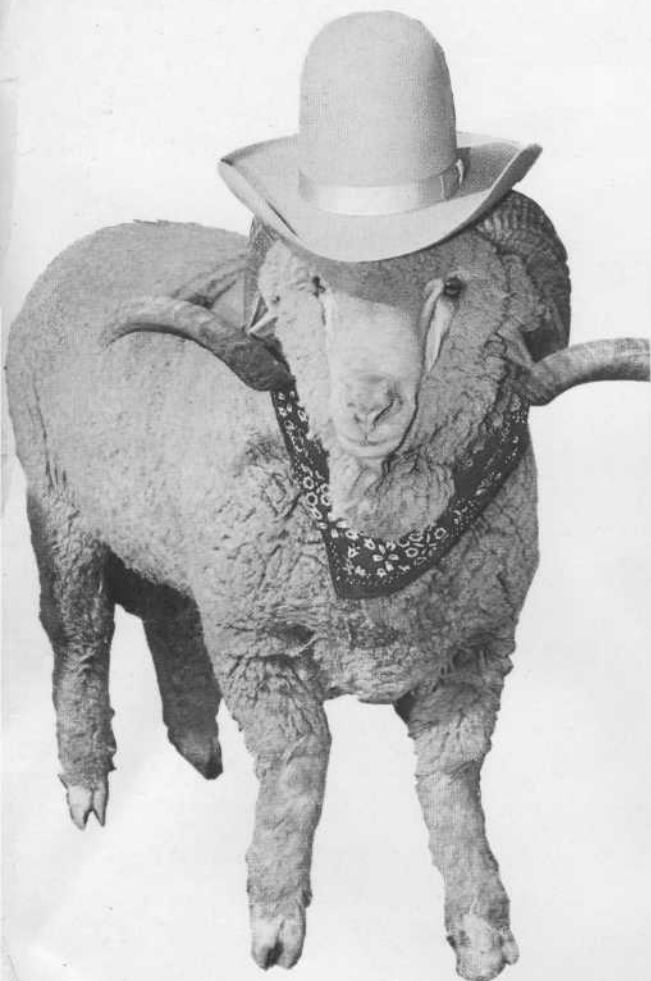




It will be

# **WILD** n' **Woolly**

at the Orange County Fair



**See WILD and his partner WOOLLY  
at the Fair, July 12-21**

One of the newest attractions at the 1985 Orange County (California) Fair will be a building devoted to the fascinating hobby of gem and mineral collecting along with rockhound and treasure hunter oriented exhibits and contests.

"We hope to present a very professional and attractive exhibit to the public," said Department Supervisor Kay Myers, an Anaheim resident who is an avid rockhound and jewelry student in her own right.

"We want to make the public more aware of this interesting hobby and, by doing so, we are also giving jewelers, gemologists, and rock collectors an opportunity to share their hobby and profession with others at the Fair this year." Orange County has numerous clubs for the rockhound and mineral collector.

The 1985 Orange County Fair Gem and Minerals Show will feature 53 classes for open and adult amateur exhibitors as well as competitive divisions for juniors through the age of 17. Mineralogical societies, rock clubs, dealers, and professionals have also been invited to enter the noncompetitive divisions. Competitive divisions for open and amateur exhibitors will consist of mineral specimens, faceted work, lapidary work, jewelry, educational exhibits, and fossils.

The entries will be evaluated by a qualified panel of judges chosen by the California Federation of Mineralogical Societies. The judging criteria will consist of correctness of labeling, showmanship, quality of materials, rarity of specimens, workmanship, orientation, variety of work, originality of design, and variety of material.

In addition, there will be daily lectures and demonstrations of lapidary work, faceting, polishing, and geode cutting. There will be a "Hands on" panning booth for children where they can pan for fossils and crystals. DESERT MAGAZINE will staff a booth to answer questions regarding places to go, ghost towns, prospecting, and the desert in general.

This marks the first year that gems and minerals has its own building at the Orange County Fair. In the past, it was featured as a part of the crafts and hobbies show. This expansion to a building of its own reflects the popularity of this interesting and educational hobby.

The first Orange County Fair was held at Santa Ana in 1890 and was a livestock exhibition. The fairgrounds are now located on what was once the Santa Ana Army Base, which was one of the largest military training centers in the nation. Today there is little evidence of the site's military history except for a Memorial Garden.

The Fair will be held from July 12 to 21, 1985 at the Orange County Fair and Exposition Center, 88 Fair Drive, Costa Mesa, California. This is within easy driving distance from most places in the Southern California area. This year's theme is "Its Wild and Wolly", referring to the various activities involving sheep, such as sheep shearing, Future Farmers of America and 4 - H Club shows, sheep dog trials, and much more.

Entertainment at the 1985 Fair can only be described as impressive. Some of the feature programs will be

July 12, the Mamas and the Papas

July 13, The Association

July 14, Rick Nelson

July 15, Three Dog Night

July 16, Fabians Goodtime Rock 'n' Roll Show, starring Fabian, Del Shannon, The Diamonds, and the Monte Carlos

July 17, The Osmond Brothers

July 18, The Marshall Tucker Band

July 19, Jan and Dean

July 20, Elvin Bishop

July 21, Rain: A tribute to the Beatles

All performances are scheduled for 7 and 9 P.M. and are included in the price of admission, \$4.00 for adults, \$2.00 for ages 6 through 12. Senior citizens will be admitted for \$1.00 Monday through Wednesday only. However, a special day, Thursday, July 18 is Denny's Senior Citizens Day and admission will also be \$1.00. Fair hours are Noon to Midnight on weekdays, 10 AM to midnight on weekends.

All in all, the 1985 Orange County Fair promises to be one of the best. We at DESERT MAGAZINE look forward to meeting you at the Gem and Minerals Building. In addition to a member of our staff, we will have a small display of historical material and some desert related items. Please come by and say Hi.

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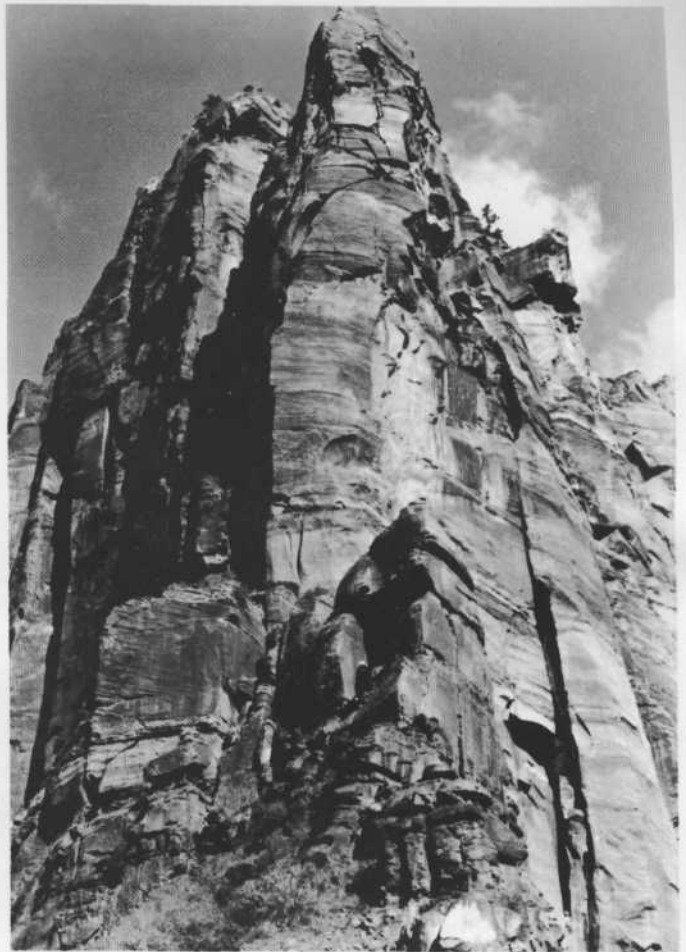
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# Thru Utah's Dixie — Zion National Park

by Paul Richards



A Towering Monolith of Zion

Our next trip through Utah's Dixie country took us east of St. George, the county seat, and into the canyon country known as Zion National Park. Leaving downtown St. George, we entered the Interstate Highway and proceeded north. In a few miles, we exited the freeway and proceeded east across the Utah Hills Country. In the distance, a town appeared. It was Hurricane, a neat appearing Southern Utah community and a junction point for those heading to the south to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. In quick succession, we passed through La Verkin (check the local fruit stands), and a group of small communities such as Virgin and Rockville.

Just before reaching the entrance to Zion National Park, we entered the town of Springdale. In town, we found a place with the name Bumble Berry Inn. With a name like that, we had to stop. The speciality of the house is Bumble Berry Pie with ice cream. The bumble berry is a secret and we could not get the owner to

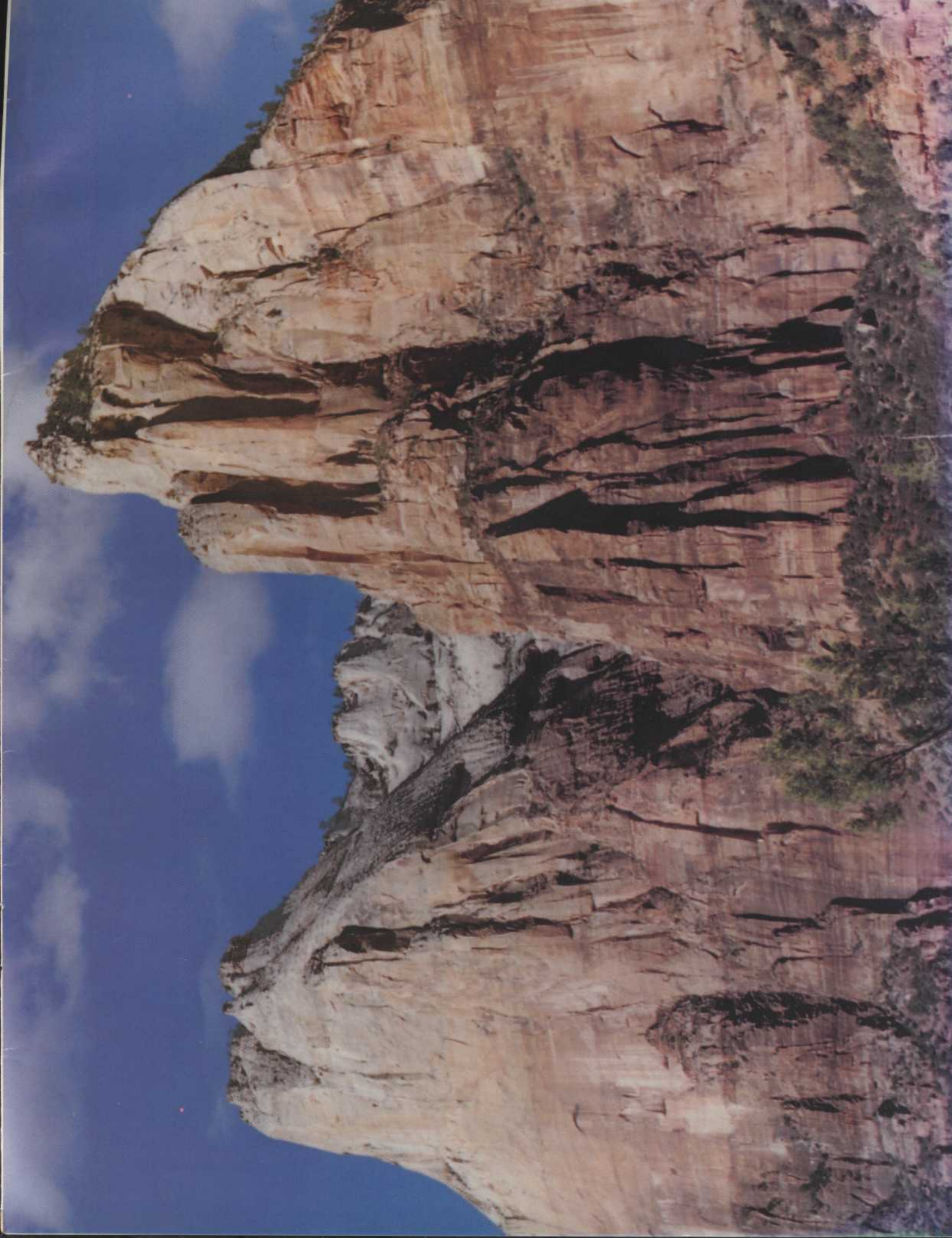
give us any factual information. But we were able to definitely determine that it is absolutely delicious. Bumble berry jelly is also available.

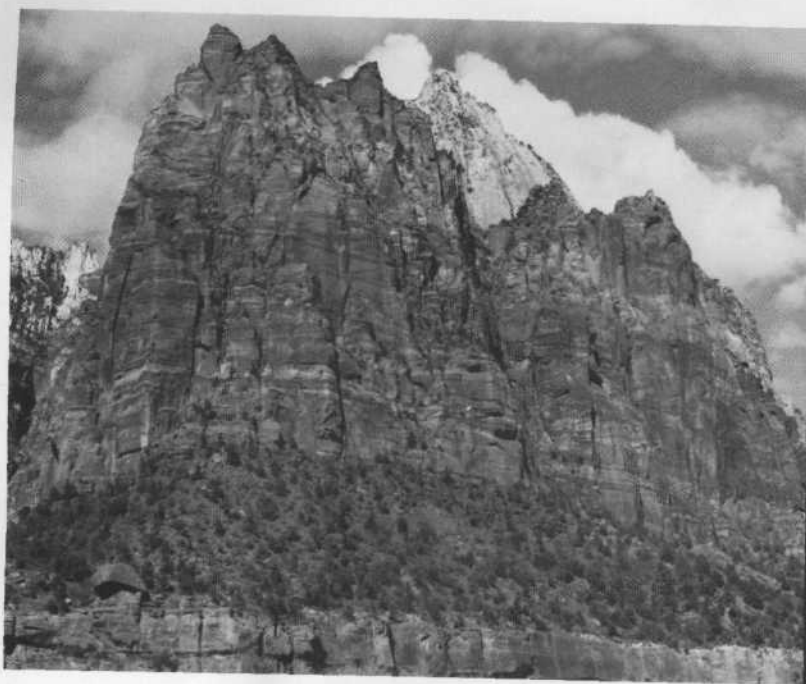
Zion Canyon was first explored in 1858 by Nephi Johnson, a Mormon Pioneer. Three years later, in 1861, Joseph Black led a group of settlers into the valley and canyon, where they settled. Soon the walls of Zion witnessed the growing of crops and raising of cattle. In 1872, Major John W. Powell visited the canyon and applied Indian names to some of the features, such as MUKUNTUWEAP to Zion Canyon and PARUNUWEAP to the East fork canyon of the Virgin River. The local Indians, Paiutes, refused to enter the canyon, and particularly the Narrows, as they believed it was a place where evil spirits resided. This belief was most appreciated by the Mormon settlers as it eliminated the threat of Indian attack. Strangely enough, the canyon was inhabited by Indians hundreds of years before this time.

A portion of the area was set aside as Mukuntuweap National Monument by presidential order in 1909. Nine years later, the Monument was enlarged and its name changed to Zion National Monument. In 1919, by act of Congress, its status was changed to that of a national park. It has since been enlarged in area.

Many of the features in Zion National Park have names with a religious significance. The tradition of this style of naming was started by a Methodist minister who visited the area in 1916. He was overwhelmed by the beauty of the canyons and immediately started assigning names with a religious tone, such as the Great White Throne and the Three Patriarchs. This established a tradition that continues today. It is interesting to note that at one time Brigham Young, the great Mormon leader, told his settlers that this area was not Zion (in the true religious meaning), so, for a while, the local residents called it "Not Zion".



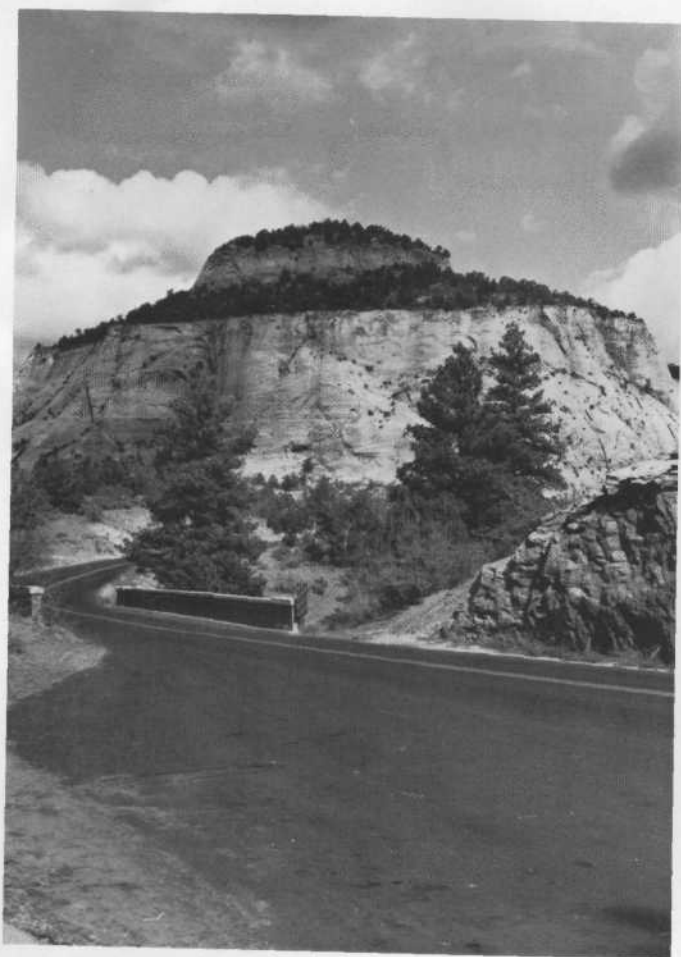




Zion Canyon's Sandstone Cliffs



Near Zion Narrows

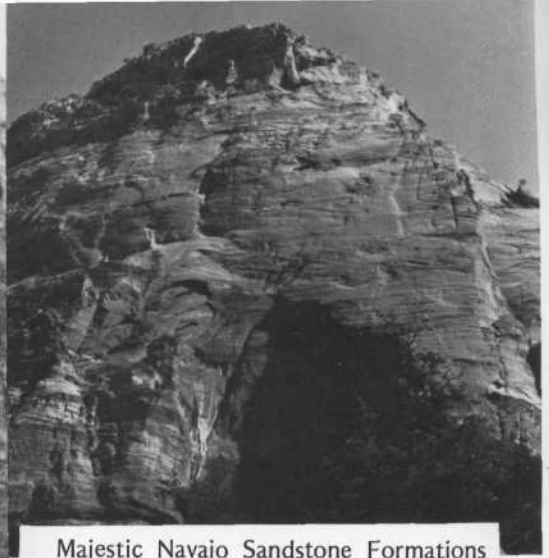


Checkerboard Mesa

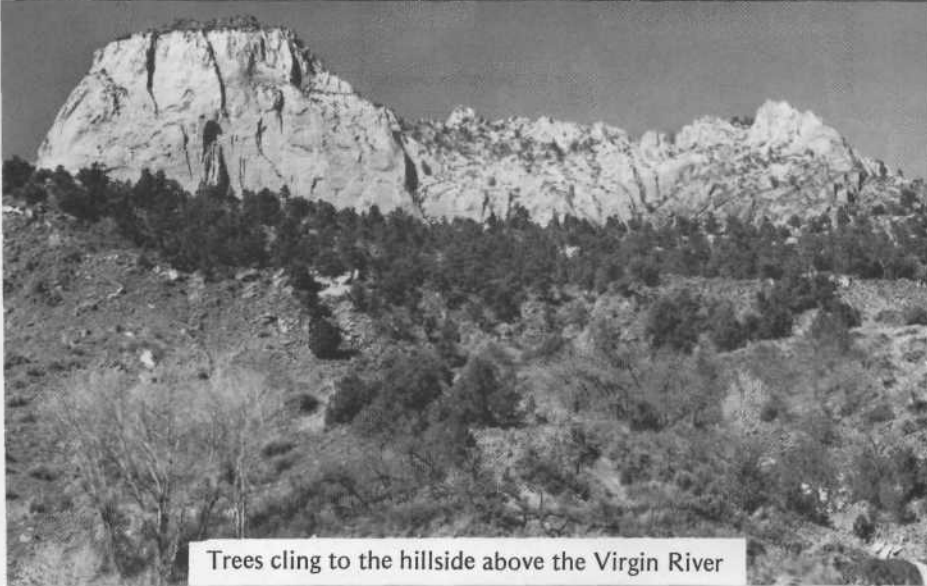


Virgin River near the Narrows

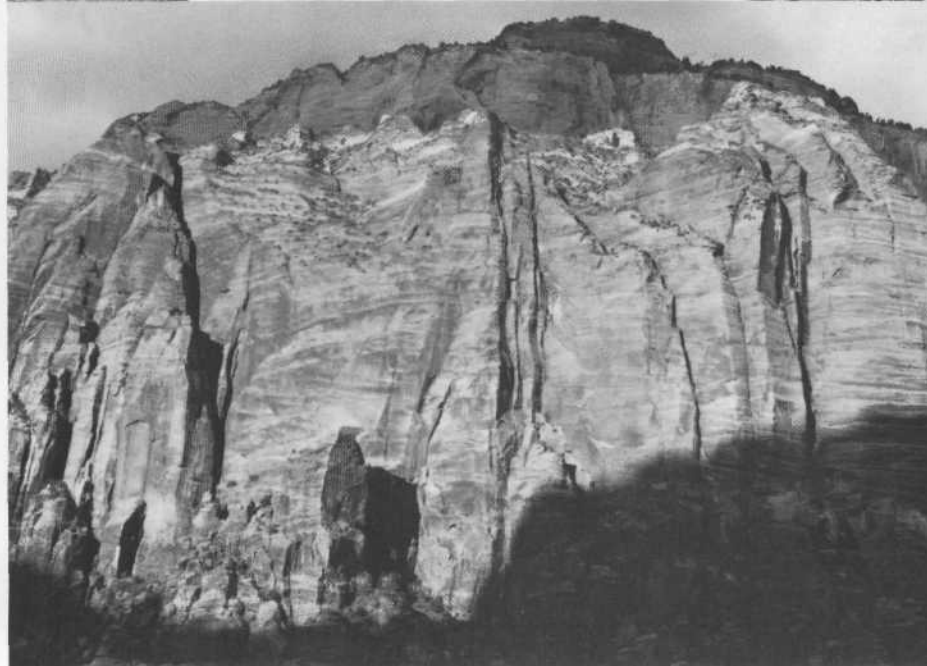




Majestic Navajo Sandstone Formations



Trees cling to the hillside above the Virgin River



One of Zion's towering Sandstone Edifices

Basically, Zion National Park is an area of gorges, cliffs, and mesas. The principal gorge, Zion Canyon, was cut by the North fork of the Virgin River over a period of millions of years. The rocks exposed in Zion are sedimentary in nature. Many rocks were laid down by water as gravel, sand and mud, then compressed. The park's most impressive formations are of Navajo sandstone. This sandstone forms the sheer cliffs and great domes of the valley. The original sand that formed these domes and cliffs was converted into the solid rock we see today by the process of continual deposition, with the addition of lime, silica, and iron, and the force of the weight of all these elements pressing downward. Though these deposits were formed during the age of Dinosaurs, no fossil remains have been found in the park. There are some tracks of the dinosaurs present, however. -

A good, all weather road allows the motorist to drive into the main canyon and camping areas. Many of the feature attractions can be seen by car, but this is country that, in order to explore it properly, a hike is mandatory. It is frequently said that there are some places in the park that have yet to be visited by man. A visitors center and museum are located at Park Headquarters near Springdale. During the season, park naturalists conduct nature study walks and hikes. Zion National Park is a must for the visitor to Utah's Dixie. For more information, write the Superintendent, Zion National Park, Springdale, Utah 84767.

# SWANSEA,

## Ghost of the Buckskins

by D. W. Grantham

Today, many of the desert areas of the Great American Southwest are considered barren, inhospitable, and uninhabitable. But not always. From the 1850's through the years of the Great Depression, many of these areas hummed with mining activity. Fortunes were made, towns built, which became islands of settlement clustered about the mines, railroads constructed, and speculators speculated. Isolated mining districts, once advertised and promoted, burst into the limelight, temporarily filling the columns of newspapers and mining journals, then fading into the sunset as the high grade ore or outcrops proved to be shallow or less valuable than first imagined. Several of these overpromoted, much publicized mining developments occurred in the copper industry in Arizona. One was at Ray, a development that went on to attain economic success with different management. Another was at Swansea, in Western Arizona. For a few moments, let us return to those days of great excitement and mining activity, with a look at Swansea, its development and demise.

In the 1860's, there was a lot of activity in the area known as Empire Flats and the Bill Williams River. Miners here had followed the path of Richard Ryland, who discovered the very rich Planet Mine in 1862. They

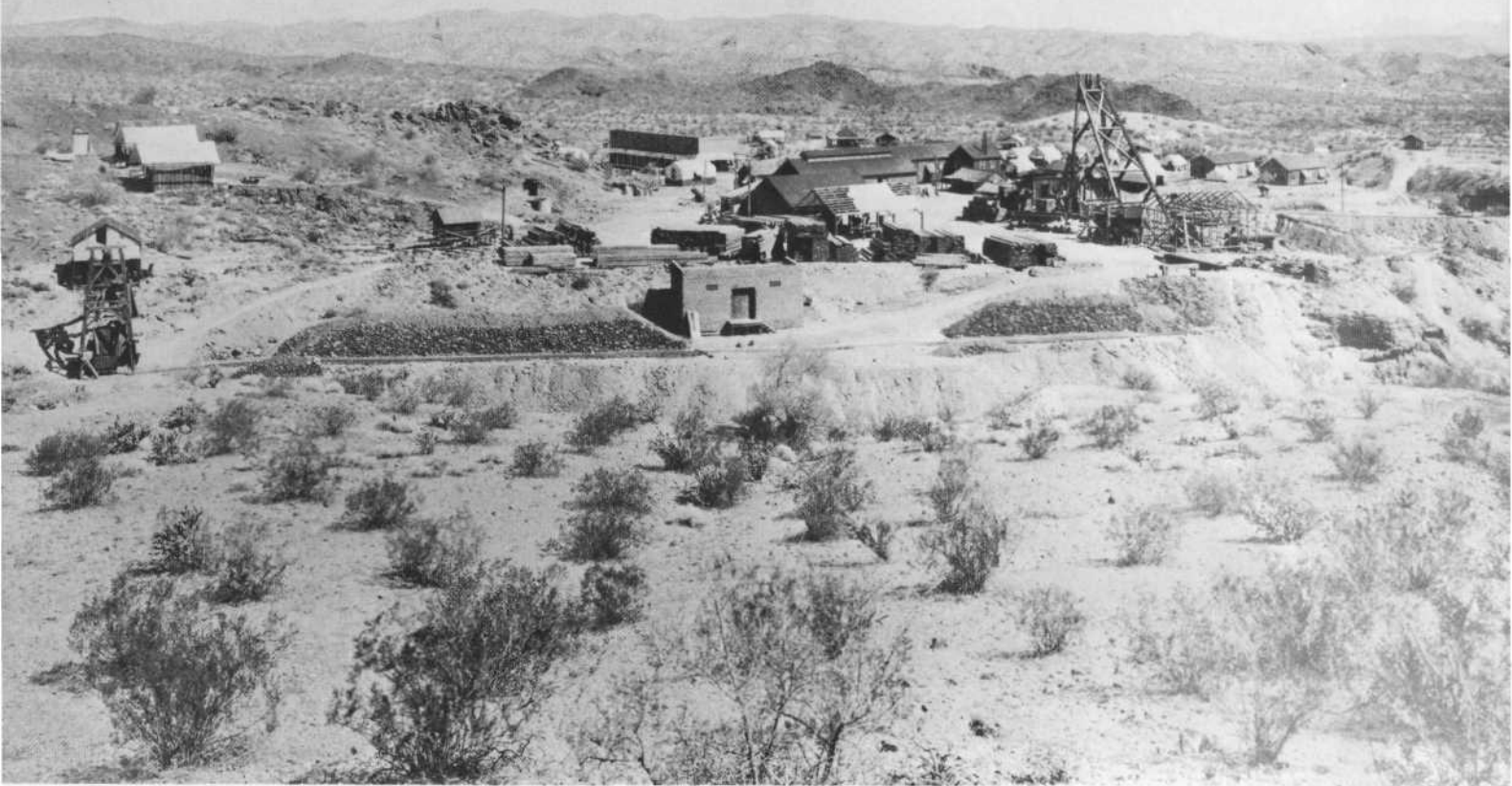
staked claims all over the area and many prospect holes were dug. The advent of steamboat transportation on the Colorado River produced a reduction in freight rates to the processing center at San Francisco, California which made the district more attractive to Miners as transportation by horse drawn wagon was very expensive and time consuming. It was said that the richness of the ore from the Planet mine, some assaying as high as 60% copper, left Ryland with a profit of \$100 per ton. And this was after mining the ore, shipping it by wagon to the Colorado River, loading it on a steamboat, freighting it around Baja California, and up to San Francisco, and then smelting it.

Investors in the big cities purchased claims in the area, including the Planet Mine, organized stock companies, and one, the Grand Central Mining Company, erected a smelter costing \$100,000 at the Colorado River landing of Aubrey. Peak activity occurred in 1867 when the Springfield, Grand Central, and Planet mines produced 1,156 tons of 20% to 60% copper ore. A reported 500 miners of various nationalities worked in the mines of the district. The Bill Williams Fork area was pronounced the most profitable copper center in the Western United States.

The copper mining industry suffered from several problems, that of a fluctuating market price of the metal, based on eastern markets, and hostile Indians. Late in 1867, and early 1868, the industry was rocked by both problems at once. Hostile Yavapai Indians raided the area, stealing mules and provisions, and killing isolated prospectors, while copper prices, once high due to demands of the Civil War, fell, the result being a near termination of work in the mines. Only the hardy and experienced stayed, and only a few claims continued to produce. Some 15 years later, a San Francisco California firm, the Mathilda Mining Company, erected a new water jacket furnace and tried to smelt the Planet Mine ores locally. After a year of unprofitable operations, the company called it quits and abandoned their project.

Despite the cessation of most activity, prospecting in the Bill Williams River country continued, albeit on a lesser scale. In 1874, Jackson McCrackin discovered a silver outcrop and named it the McCrackin lode. There was a small rush to the district. He named his camp Signal and it soon became a supply center for prospectors in the area. Silver chlorides were mined there until 1879.





1910 Photographs courtesy of  
Sharlot Hall Museum

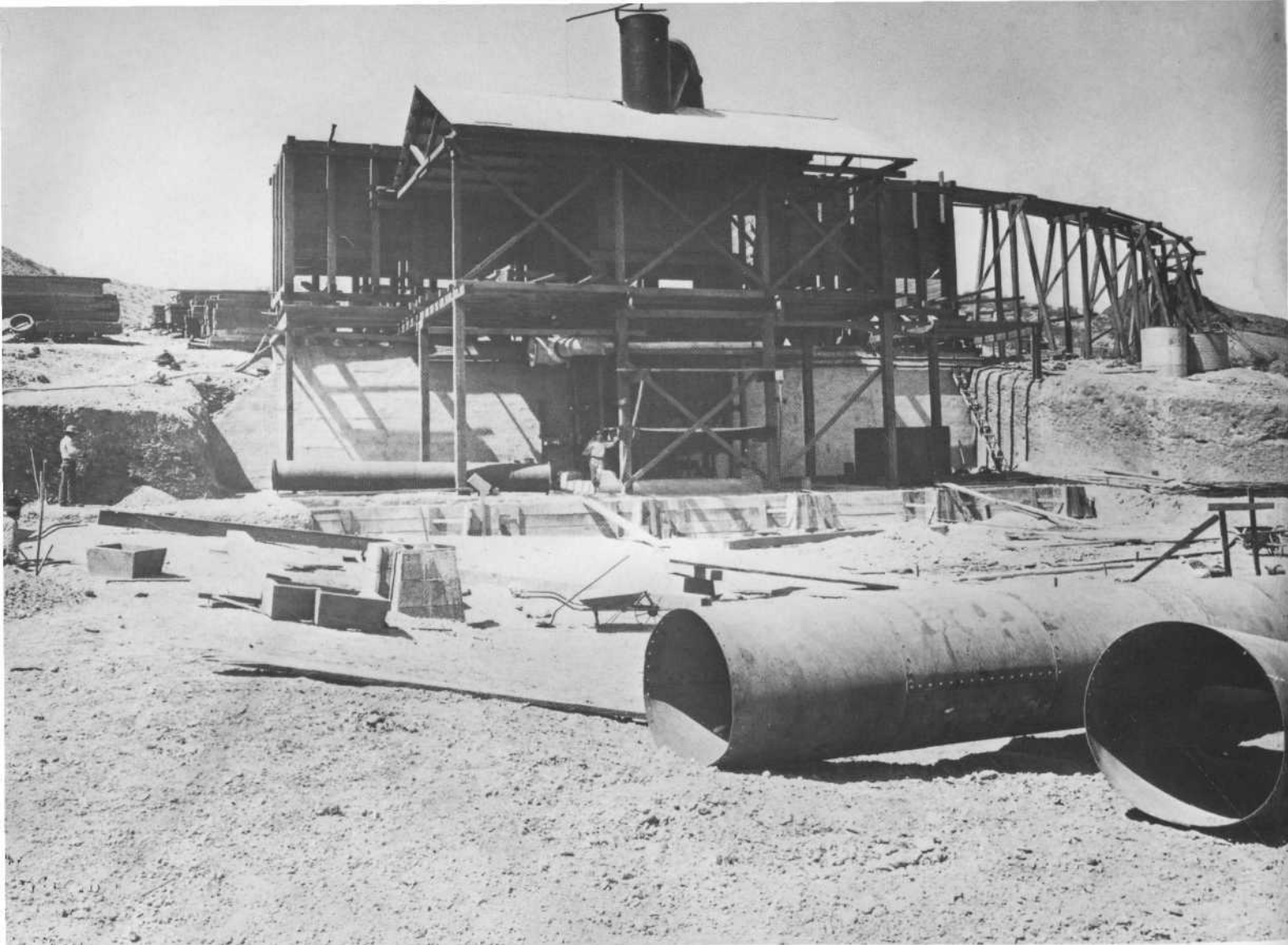
Swansea Mining Camp in 1910

In 1886, John W. Johnson, a veteran desert prospector, left Signal for a prospecting trip south of the Bill Williams River. On March 28, 1886, he and his two partners, John H. West and Patrick Halpin discovered an outcrop of silver-lead ore to the west of a hill they called Black Butte. They quickly filed a location notice on the "Ruby Silver" claim in the new Black Butte Mining District, which was to later become the site of Swansea. The Ruby Silver claim, like other copper mines in the area, proved to have a rich but shallow layer of silver-lead ore over a deposit of copper. After digging down a few feet, Johnson and his partners' silver mine turned into a copper mine and they abandoned it as (then) worthless.

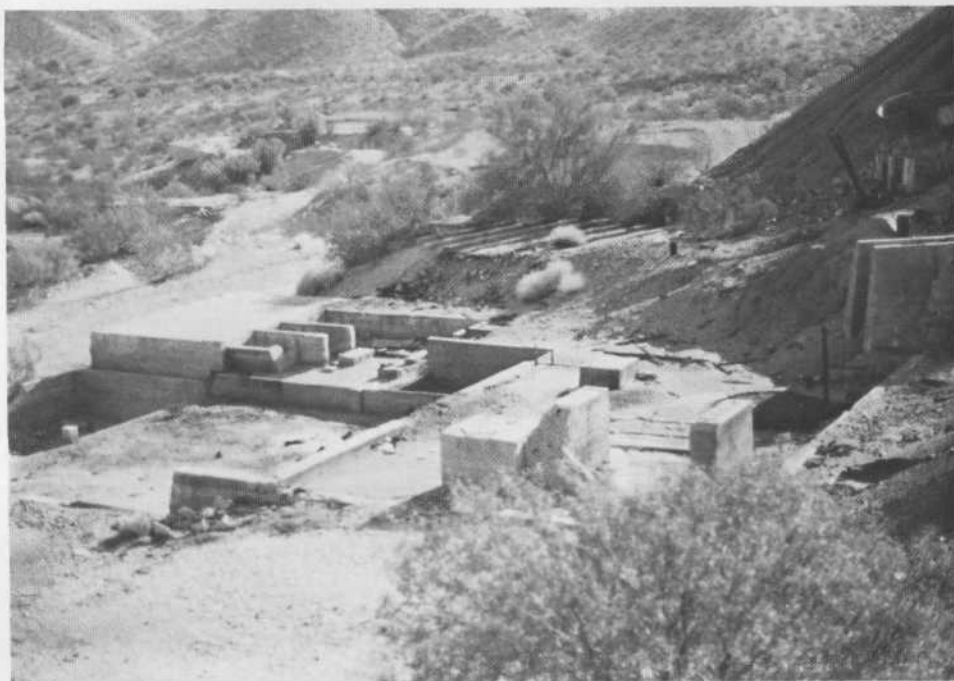
During the 1880's and 1890's, copper mining in Arizona Territory grew from small isolated operations to a large scale profitable business. Undeveloped copper claims were selling for small fortunes. Many a dollar changed hands in the Clifton-Morenci, Miami, Globe, Jerome, Ray, and Winkelman areas. After years of searching for gold and silver, Johnson reconsidered the prospects of copper as a profitable metal and, in 1896, returned to the mineral outcrops beneath Black Butte. Along with two new partners, James Rosborough and Henry Slicker, he relocated the Silver Ruby claim as the Copper Prince and filed other claims in the area. Since the partners were from the camp of Signal, they nicknamed their claims the Signal

group. Because of the isolated location of the claims, Johnson completed only the annual required assessment work on the claims for the next 9 years.

Then, in 1904, the Arizona and California Railroad, a subsidiary of the Santa Fe Railway, began construction of a line to run west from Wickenburg to a crossing of the Colorado River at Parker and a connection with the Santa Fe mainline to Los Angeles. The projected railroad would pass only 25 miles south of the Bill Williams Fork Mines and thus attracted prospectors, speculators, investors, promoters, and many other persons to what was called "the new copper country." Johnson found promoters knocking



TOP: Swansea Mill under construction circa 1910

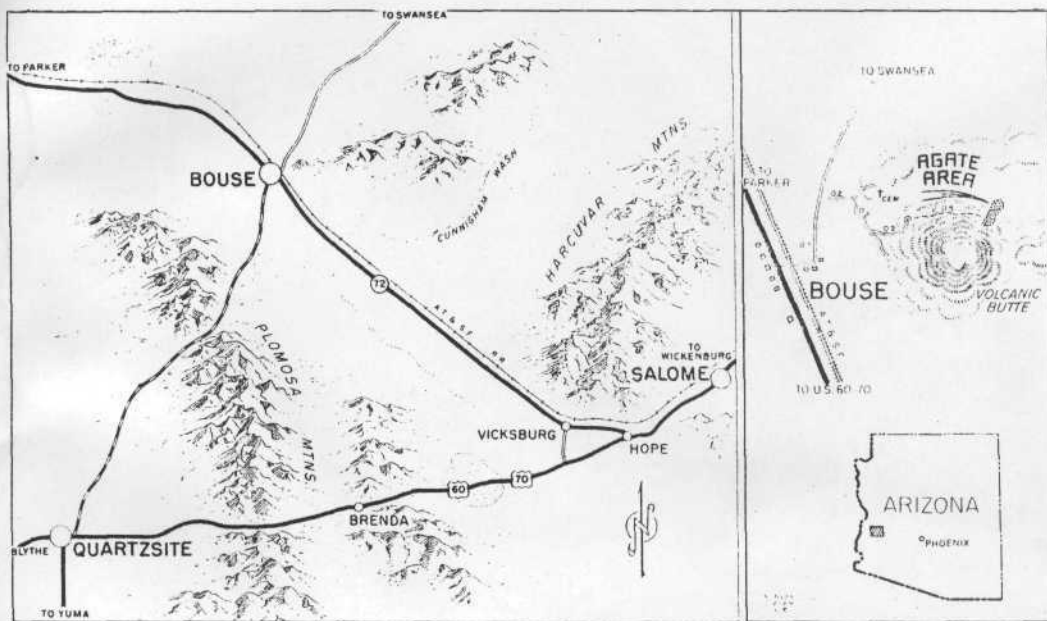


LOWER: Ruins of the Mill circa 1985

at his door. A Newton Evans, who owned a zinc mine, bought the Signal group from Johnson and his partners for \$25,500. Evans relocated to Los Angeles, and along with other Southern California promoters, organized the Signal Copper Company, sunk a shaft 150 feet into what appeared to be a promising copper sulphide ore body and looked for some wealthy investor to buy into the company.

While the Arizona and California Railroad advanced across the Arizona Desert, more and more prospectors scoured the surrounding hills. The Arizona Northern Gold Mine was discovered and produced some of the richest and purest gold in Arizona history. In July of 1905, Thomas J. Carrigan, a railroad conductor turned





promoter and prospector, discovered a rich mass of gold ore in his Clara claim, located some five miles east of the Signal group. Select samples from the Carrigan strike assayed as high as \$5000 per ton, with gold then selling for about \$20.00 per ounce. Optimists, still reveling over the recent bonanza discoveries at Tonopah and Goldfield, Nevada, anticipated a similar boom for western Arizona. During 1905 and 1906, promoters sold and optioned many claims and organized some twenty mining companies, along with performing some superficial development work.

The construction of a new railroad, the gold strikes, and what appeared to be continuous new strikes, led outside businessmen to fight over which town would be the supply center for the new mining region, Phoenix, Prescott, or even Los Angeles. Along the route of the Arizona and California Railroad, town founders Dick Wick and Ernest Hall of Salome and Otis E. Young of Wendendale advertised their towns as jumping-off points for the Clara. Young won out after he completed a road from Wendendale through Cummingham Pass to the mine.

Visiting reporters considered the area bustling with new activity and population, however, by the time the Arizona and California Railroad reached Parker, in the summer of 1907, railroad representatives found most mine developments little more than mere scratches on the surface. There was a distinct lack of capital and development in the region. It was for T.J. Carrigan to make the right acquaintances.

The right acquaintances were a metallurgist named George Mitchell and a former Catholic priest from Prescott, Arizona, the Reverend Alfred Quetu. T. J. Carrigan probably had met Mitchell some years before, while he was working as a conductor on the Sant Fe, Prescott, and Phoenix Railroad, which Mitchell often rode while he was engaged as superintendent of the United Verde Copper Company's smelter at Jerome. Since those days, the Swansea, Wales born Mitchell had graduated from the status of an employee to that of an owner and promoter. He put up money and machinery (some of his own design) and started the mines of Cananea, Sonora, Mexico along with William C.

Greene. Mitchell also poured other peoples money into various Mexican mining ventures and schemes. Most of these left the stockholders poorer and Mitchell richer. In 1907, he had just finished his latest venture, walking away from the overpromoted, greatly exaggerated, and underdeveloped Mitchell Mining Company of Mexico, with over \$200,000 of the stockholders money. News of his unethical and unsound investment tactics had yet to follow him while his reputation as a successful smelter man and creator of great fortunes stayed with him. Carrigan approached Mitchell and asked for help. As he had no current project, Mitchell was only too glad to agree to help.

When George Mitchell took over a project, nothing was done in a small or obscure way. He proceeded to lay out a large scale operation, to rival that of his former employer, United Verde. On May 8, 1908, the Clara Consolidated Gold and Copper Mining Company was incorporated. The Clara Company exchanged stock for the holdings of the Clara, Moro, Crown Princess, and Crown Queen mining companies. The Signal Group was purchased for \$75,000. The C.C.G. & C.M.C. now owned 132 claims with an aggregate area of over 4,000 acres. The corporation was capitalized at \$3,000,000 with shares having a par value of \$1.00 each. In some cases the shares were sold for less than \$1.00 each, but, in France they sold for more. Father Alfred Quetu, formerly of Prescott and now retired in France sold shares in the Clara for up to \$3.50 each. These foreign investors, led by Oscar Fanyau of Lille, France, were taken by the descriptions of huge copper deposits, large holdings, and profit potential. Much money was raised in Europe.

And much money was to be needed. Eventually the French were to invest \$2,000,000 in the Clara Consolidated. Plans were drawn for a 350 ton smelter, but this was changed to a 700 ton facility before



Residents and Employees at Swansea, 1910. Note the Electric Light on the pole.

the other could be built. A four mile water line was to be constructed from the Bill Williams River to the new town of Swansea, named after Mitchell's birthplace. More work on the shafts had to be done. And the company needed an inexpensive method of transportation to get its ore to market, thus a railroad was required. Unable to interest the Santa Fe in constructing one from Bouse, the company undertook to construct its own, a twenty-one mile line; The Arizona and Swansea Railroad.

During the year of 1909, Swansea was a busy place. Workers were busy building stores, boarding houses,

warehouses, mining facilities, an electric plant, water works, saloons, and even a motion picture house. Mitchell built a large two story house, hotel, and office on a knoll within sight of the mine. He even had palm trees brought in and planted around his home.

In December of 1909, a group of the French shareowners, led by Oscar Fanyau arrived in Swansea. They were treated to a tour of the uncompleted mining works, the town and the incomplete railroad. During the tour, Mitchell pressed for more money to finish what had been started. He got it. To repay a debt,

Oscar Fanyau was elected a vice president of the Clara Company, replacing T.J. Carrigan, who moved to Venice, California and invested in Southern Californian real estate.

With this newly received infusion of funds, Mitchell managed to complete the new railroad. On February 23, 1910, the first train arrived in Swansea, carrying none other than George Mitchell and his family. An adobe depot was constructed in Swansea. The railroad was to run on an intermittent basis for 20 or so years, according to the fortunes of the mine. An electric railway connected the railroad with the mines.



On May 2, 1910, Harry Mitchell (brother of George) lit the fires and blew-in the smelter furnace. After pouring out the first copper, George Mitchell sent a wire to Los Angeles and the investors in Europe that read: "Started furnace this morning without a hitch and everything running smoothly. Turning out matte at the rate of fifty tons per twenty-four hours." The basis of this claim is unknown, but one must wonder if this was the rated capacity of the smelter or someone's fantasy. Swansea was immediately proclaimed as the "fifth" center of copper production in Arizona, with only Douglas, Jerome, Globe, and Clifton-Morenci having a greater production capacity.

However, the winds of change were in the offing. In September of 1910, Swansea was visited by a geologist from the United States Geological Service. He was sent there to compile a report on this fabulous mining district. He inspected the mine, mill, and did observe a large body of copper sulphides, assaying about 4.5% on the average. The huge smelter was impressive. But the mine equipment, small gasoline and steam powered hoists, and the shallowness of the shafts left him without favorable comment. In short, he believed that too much money had been spent building a smelter and not enough on opening the mines. His observations proved out when the smelter sat idle or operated at less than half of its capacity during most of its existence.

The production costs at the Clara were about 15 cents per pound. The only problem was that copper was selling at 12 cents per pound, or a loss of 3 cents per pound. And there was a severe lack of ore on the ground to supply the smelter. The Clara C.G. & C.M.C. and George Mitchell were sinking fast and he knew it. The lack of ore production, machinery "breakdowns" and announcements of ore discoveries without ore production soon were seen as mere excuses for more serious problems. In one of the mining handbooks, Swansea was described as "an example of enthusiasm run wild,

coupled with reckless stock selling and the foolish construction of surface works (smelter, etc.) before the development of enough ore to keep them busy."

Periodic operations continued until there were no funds left with which to pay the miners. Repeated attempts to obtain additional funds from the European investors were not successful. Mitchell negotiated with Fanyau and his associates about buying him out. During these negotiations, the miners at the Clara Consolidated filed a lien for wages due them. The company was brought into bankruptcy proceedings and all activity at the mine stopped. At Swansea, miners were given \$25 (\$50 to married men) and free railroad transportation to Bouse. Mining operations ground to an immediate halt. It appeared that mining at Swansea was history.

There was still to be life in Swansea, however. Oscar Fanyau and his associates sent some engineers over to see what the possibilities of reopening the mine were. Together with the Schutte brothers of Amsterdam, they put together a syndicate to reopen the Clara Consolidated. Their new company, The Swansea Consolidated Gold and Copper Mining Company, traded its shares for those of the bankrupt Clara and paid off \$280,000 of the debt of the Clara. A Paris engineer, Camille Clerc was sent over to act as superintendent of the new operation. Swansea was again active.

Regretfully, the Swansea Consolidated followed the pattern established by Mitchell and his Clara Consolidated in increasing the capacity of the smelter without a similar increase in the ore production facilities and going into debt. A general rise in the price of copper to 16 cents per pound in 1912 enabled the Swansea Consolidated to make a profit for 1912 and 1913, when they produced around one million pounds of copper worth approximately \$160,000.

Swansea's population grew, reaching an estimated 1,000. A new

\$60,000 reverberatory furnace was installed and smelter capacity increased to 1,000 tons. A new ore body was tapped and a new system of mining was started, called slicing and caving. The ore averaged 3.5% copper sulphide. A new shaft, the number 7, was sunk.

During 1913, copper prices began to drop and reached 13 cents at the end of the year. Profits soon became losses, bills were not paid, and the new company ended up in bankruptcy. Oscar M. Souden was appointed as receiver. His task was complicated by the beginning of what would become World War I. Communications were cut off with the European stockholders and many of them killed during the hostilities. Oscar Fanyau was one of those killed.

Souden granted a lease on the mines to a Judge W.J. Thomas of Los Angeles, California. Unfortunately, Judge Thomas died before he could begin work on the mine. His superintendent, Ernest C. Lane, operated the mines for the Judge's estate. There was a crew of 50 who worked to produce about 4,000 tons of ore per month. The richer ore was separated and sent to custom smelters. By the time the lease expired, Lane had mined nearly a million dollars worth of copper.

The receiver, Souden, was impressed. He kept Lane in charge at Swansea and in four months saw \$215,000 worth of ore shipped to the smelter. Lane made the mistake of asking for funds to sink another shaft. The receiver, even though he was making money, denied the request and asked for bids for a lease of the mines. Much to his surprise, he received several, including ones from the Guggenheims, Phelps-Dodge and Senator Clark of the United Verde. All had anticipated the need for copper for the war and realized the potential for profit.

Souden entered into a ten year lease with Senator Clark for a reported \$5,000,000 (unfortunately to be paid only from profits), plus the installation of a 1,000 foot deep



Looking down the No.3 shaft at Swansea



Sign posted on one of Swansea's idle shafts



Ruins of the Company Store and Hotel

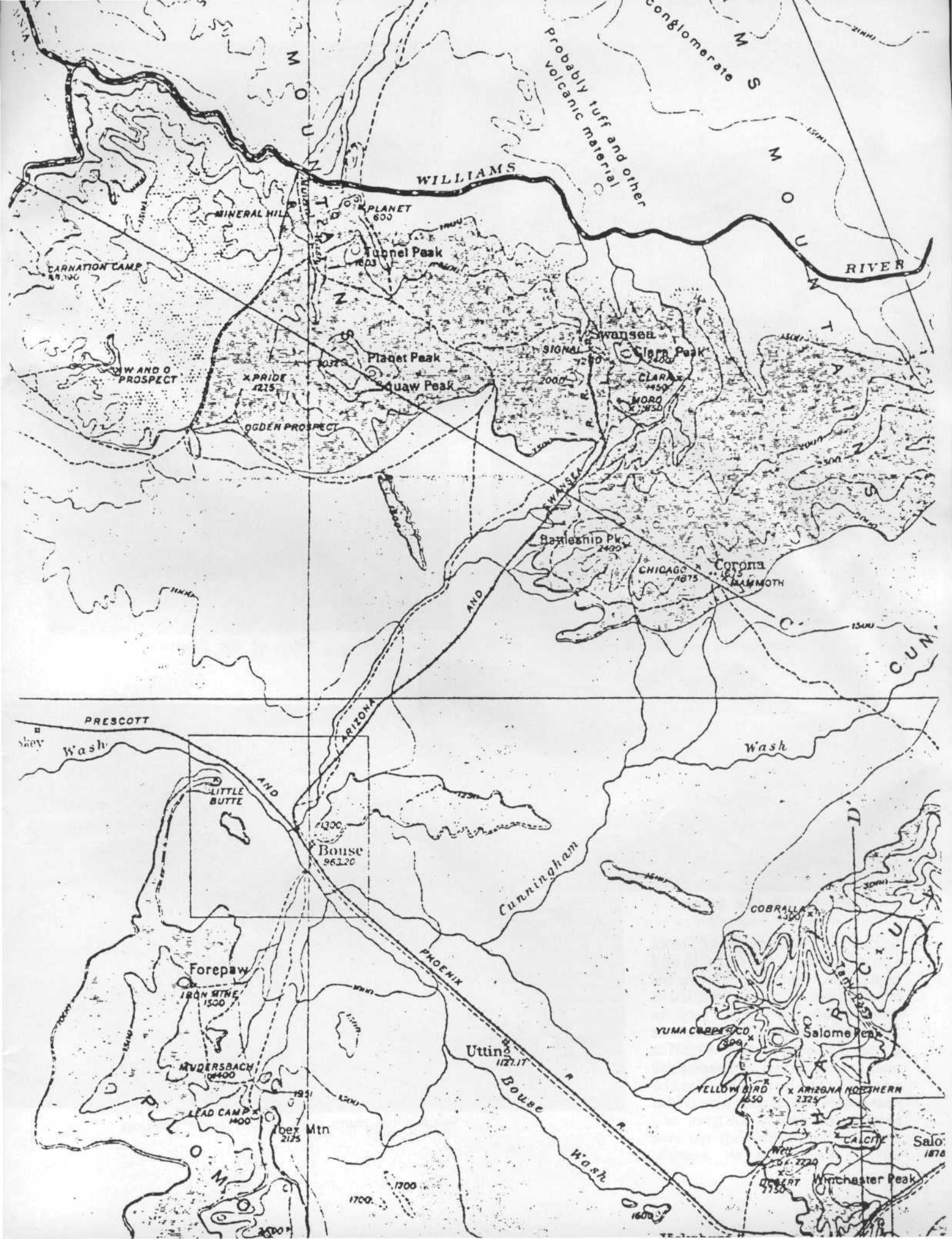
shaft and payment of all remaining debts of the Swansea Consolidated. A new company, the Swansea Lease, Inc. was formed to operate the mine. Ernest Lane was retained as superintendent. During the next several years, the mining company managed to ship from 300 to 400 tons of ore daily to smelters at Humboldt, Sasco (near Tucson) and Clarkdale.

The World War I years in Swansea were very different than those during the Mitchell reign. The mining company created a company town. They took over most business functions and supplied all that was (barely) necessary for the miners and their families. And there was a union, The Western Federation of Miners. In June of 1917, the miners went on strike for higher wages. Without almost any discussions, Charles Clark, son of Senator Clark, conceded to their request and raised wages from \$3.50 to \$5.40 per day. Then the Industrial Workers of the World organizers arrived in Swansea. They attempted to make additional demands, among them a request for more ice water and a new cook. This, on top of the wage increase, was too much for Superintendent Lane. His answer was simple and easy to understand. All miners were fired and a special train was waiting to haul them to Bouse. A new work force was then hired and mining resumed.

After World War I, copper prices began to decline. Attempts to reduce costs at Swansea and keep the mine going included installation of a new reduction works, a 200 ton capacity concentrator and a flotation plant. Costs were reduced to about 13 cents per pound, but the market price of copper soon declined below that point. In 1920, Clark sold his majority stock interest to mining engineer George M. Colvocoresses and the Consolidated Arizona Smelting Company of Humboldt.

After a slight increase in the price of copper in 1922, Colvocoresses hired a force of nearly 300 Mexican miners to produce and ship up to 8,000 tons of ore per month to the smelter at Humboldt. The flotation mill was re-started, with the result that it produced almost 98% pure copper. When Colvocoresses began negotiations for a new lease in 1923,







Company built Duplex houses for mine employees



Ruins of the Smelter



One of the Ore Dumps

Souden and the remainder of French stockholders discontinued negotiations, figuring on working the mine themselves. During the last 6 months of the lease, July to December of 1923, Colvocoresses gutted the mine, making 1923 the most productive year at Swansea and nearly the last. The French stockholders and Souden were unable to reopen the mine.



Swansea has many ruins of her former buildings



SWANSEA DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

SWANSEA COPPER MINE  
YUMA COUNTY  
BOUSE, ARIZONA

December 1, 1943

Mr. J. S. Coupal, Director  
Department of Mineral Resources  
413 Home Builders Bldg.  
Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Mr. Coupal:

Your letter of November 22 received regarding the deferment information you requested. During the past month we have been doing some underground drilling. We put up four drill holes totaling 240 feet. In each of these holes we drilled thru an ore body indicating a thickness of from 15 to 20 feet thick. During the past two weeks we have been working two shifts developing this ore body. We have completed a 25 foot x-cut and also a 25 foot raise to the ore. We are now x-cutting the ore body in preparation for stoping. We are encountering considerable ore of shipping grade, and should be able to ship at least two cars of 5% copper ore per week as soon as we get the ore body opened up a little more. We will stock pile any of the lower grade material which we will have to handle.

We are employing six men at the present time, and hope to be able to find two more men within the near future.

During the past month we have been shipping at the rate of one car per week. This ore has averaged 5 1/2% copper. We have been delayed in shipping during the past few days as we are having trouble in getting our ore hauled. Though we hope to over come this delay within the next few days.

There are two ore bodies of fair grade which can be opened up with a minimum of development work. Also the extension of the ore body we have just opened up can be reached on a lower level by drifting approximately 50 feet. We will have a better line on this ore as soon as a little more work is done on it up above. There are also several small high grade veins which I would like to do some work on. However, we will not have time to do this work until a later date.

Several days ago I received a deferment form from Headquarters Ninth Service Command, Office of Commanding General, Fort Douglas, Utah. I am completing this form and will return it within the next day or so. As my 60 day deferment from the Army expires on Jan. 5, 1944.

SWANSEA DEVELOPMENT CO.

P. O. Address  
SWANSEA Via BOUSE

Mr. Coupal Page 2

I greatly appreciate your past assistance in obtaining my 60 day deferment. I also appreciate your interest regarding my case in the future.

With kindest regards and best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

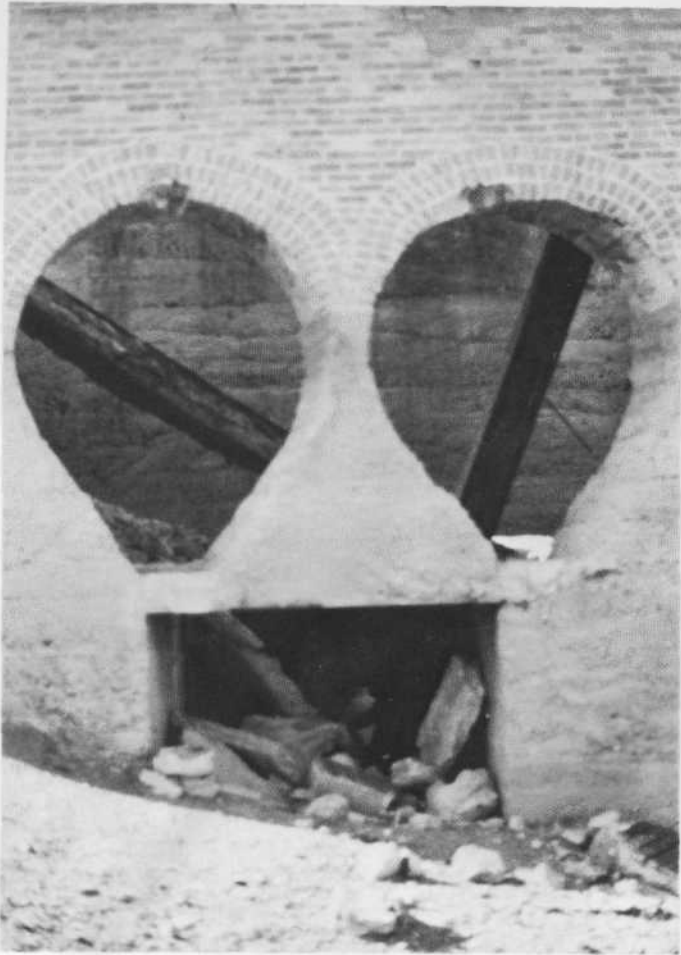
E C Lane Jr.

C.C. Dr. E. Payne Palmer

Ernest C. Lane returned to attempt to reopen the Swansea mines several times between 1926 and his passing (at Swansea) in 1943, with varying degrees of success. The American Smeltin& Refining Company also received a lease on the property in 1929 and rebuilt much of the camp, a new office, and the concentrator, just in time for the depression to cause its closing and failure. After waiting and further attempts at reopening the mine, the company quit in 1937 and took along with them much of the machinery, the railroad and equipment. The Arizona and Swansea as the railroad was called, applied for abandonment a total of 5 times and applied for a withdrawal of its request for abandonment four times, an Arizona record.

After the death of Ernest C. Lane, Sr., in 1943, his son, Ernest Lane, Jr. attempted to keep the mine going, using the knowledge gained from his father, but this attempt was not successful in the long run. He did operate the mine for a period of time and was very knowledgeable about the mine. His position at Swansea was threatened for a time by the draft of World War II, but he was given a deferment. In 1940, the late John Hilton, a regular contributor to DESERT MAGAZINE, visited Swansea and wrote an article about his visit, which was published in our January 1941 issue.

He described the town as follows: "From a distance Swansea had the appearance of being a prosperous operating mining camp. The first building on the left was an adobe structure that had been the railroad station. Behind it was the wreckage of an old passenger coach and the cab of a locomotive that had apparently been robbed for scrap iron. An interesting object was a gasoline driven car with a canopy top that looked for all the world like an old surrey on railroad wheels. What a picture it must have made, chugging along through the cactus studded hills, loaded down with passengers bound for the bright lights and excitement of Bouse.



Looking into the Smelter Building



The Smelter Building, 1985



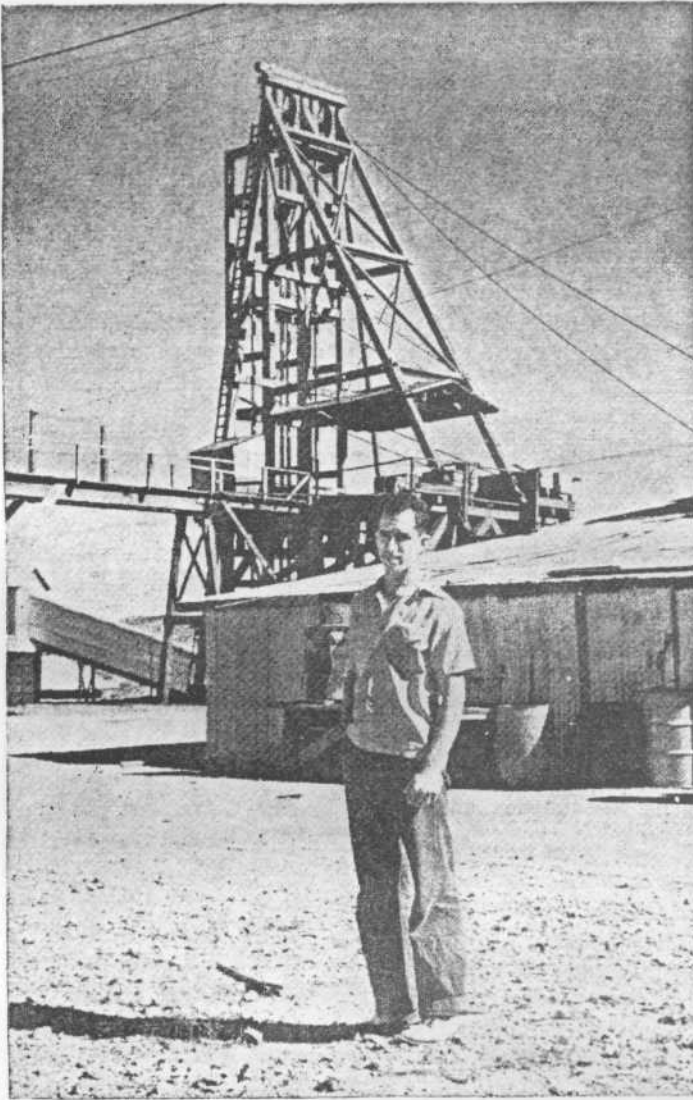
View from the Side of the Smelter

Crossing the wash, we drove up a street lined with rather well preserved cottages, and stopped in front of the largest one. Here we met the Lanes, who are making another attempt to bring Swansea back to life. . . .

The adobe station at Swansea slumbers in the silent Arizona sun, and the rusted tracks that once carried excitement and romance to its doors have been torn up and made into Japanese cannon. But the Swansea mines are not dead. Some mining men say the time is not far distant when modern trucks will pull up the grade out of Swansea with copper concentrates, and the mines will again pour forth riches. The desert is kind to those who come with understanding and faith and courage in their hearts."

The reality is that Swansea did not yield up its additional riches and today only the ruins of the ghost town remain. Swansea slumbers in the Arizona sun, but who knows, maybe that sleep will again one day be broken by the sound of mining activity.





*Ernest C. Lane Jr. at the old Swansea copper camp*



Basement & Foundation of the Company Store,  
Restaurant, and Hotel

The site of the Swansea mines and town are on private property. Permission from the owner in Scottsdale should be obtained before visiting the site. It is really an interesting place to visit with the buildings quietly resting in a beautiful desert valley, far from the fast paced freeway life of today. From Bouse it is about 20 miles by gradd road to the site. La Paz county has recently graded the road and only the last few miles over the hills and down into the valley are rough. Do not attempt this section with any low clearance vehicle, trailer, or recreational vehicle.

One word of caution. There are many mines in the area, some abandoned, some idle. It is our experience that if one asks permission to visit and take SAMPLES, we are rarely denied. But we try to leave with what we came with, no more, no less. We will not tear apart buildings looking for souvenirs. Digging up a cemetery is totally unacceptable. When you visit a ghost town or mining site, leave what is there for future visitors to see and enjoy. Personally, I would like to see the state of Arizona acquire and restore Swansea; it has a very unique history and location and would make a most interesting living history park.

The Arizona State Legislature recently passed into law House Bill 2193 entitled "Trespassing on Valid and Existing Mining Claims and/or Leases". The law classifies the trespass as either a class one misdemeanor or first degree criminal trespass class six felony, with fines up to \$1,000 and up to six months in jail. Unlawful entry consists of a person intentionally entering upon a mineral claim or lease with intent to claim jump, hold, work, or explore for minerals. Therefore, one should not attempt to seek economic reward, but instead enjoy the beauty of the desert and its man made ruins through ones eyes or a camera.



# A Desert Dweller

## The Tortoise

Gopherus Agassizi is his name. Eating cactus leaves is his game. Commonly, he is known as the desert tortoise. These survivors of the reptilian age today inhabit areas of the high desert, ranging through California and Arizona to parts of Mexico.

When approached, the tortoise will draw his head inside his shell, and wait for the threat to pass. Occasionally, he will peek out to check if his security is still threatened. If so, he will again quickly retreat to the security of his shell. His rough skin and tough as a rock shell are the only protection he has. The tortoise does not possess poison, venom, or claws sharp enough to fight off an attacker.

Like most other land turtles, the tortoise spends most of his life in a comparatively small geographical area. If you happen to be fortunate enough to have a few where you live, observe their patterns. They will usually follow the same trails, and appear about the same time each morning to hunt for food. They normally burrow underground to avoid the hot noon sun and remain there during the cool nights. The young are hatched from eggs and appear in May.

As reptiles, they are unable to regulate their body temperature, much in the same manner as a snake. Their body adopts the temperature around them. Thus they can die from extreme heat in the summer in a matter of 10 or 20 minutes; or die of cold if left unprotected during the cool nights. This handicap limits their range of activities.

Having a shell for a body complicates the normal breathing pattern. With a stationary rib structure, there is no way for the tortoise's lungs to expand and contract. Thus, the tortoise has invented a unique system all its own. By protruding and withdrawing its neck and legs, a pumping action is achieved which creates a vacuum and draws air into the lungs. When inhaling and exhaling, a faint "wheeze" sound is produced which may puzzle the casual observer.

Social life is warlike when males meet. Custom demands that a leader be selected from among the males. Following much head-waving, they square off and proceed to ram one another with their gular shields (a horny projection on the front part of the lower shell) until all but one are flipped to their backs. The one remaining upright is elected as the "King". After what is usually a prolonged period (these tortoises never do anything fast) of clumsy gyrations, the defeated tortoises manage to right themselves.

As to social life between the sexes, the situation is different. The battle of the sexes occurs in slow motion. After meeting his future mate, the male will ram her, smashing his shell audibly against hers. He isn't fighting, he is making love. The young bride to be (age is inconsequential—she may be 80 years old) will play her part in a very reserved manner. With all the grace of a Sherman Tank, she will hobble away with an air of indifference, forcing the male to pursue her. Not until he traps her in a corner where there is no escape will she succumb to a honeymoon.

Fertilization of the desert tortoise is internal. Then a large, parchment textured egg is buried in a sandy hole where, in time, it is hatched by the warmth of the desert sun and surrounding earth. When born, the young tortoise is a miniature replica of its parents and is able to immediately forage for itself.

The desert tortoises of today face more serious dangers than in their reptilian past. Their rate of travel, slow, slower, or even slower, makes them likely targets for the unobservant motorist. The more recent danger is that of expansion of habitation by humans in the tortoise's natural habitat. Their usual trails are destroyed, foraging sites fenced or removed, and their environment bulldozed. This forces them to either starve, cook, or freeze or migrate to another site, exposing them to additional dangers. Dogs are also a problem. Many a curious canine has unintentionally snuffed out the life of a tortoise with their natural curiosity about this shelled invader.

By far one of the more serious dangers the tortoises face is that of the well-meaning tourist who sees one and wants to take it back home. It is unlawful in California to remove a tortoise from its natural environment. Additionally, the tortoise usually will not survive in any habitat other than the desert. There is also a problem with target shooters. I have seen numerous tortoise shells, laying about the desert, with multiple bullet holes in them, testament to the foolish pursuit of practice on a living and defenseless target. The animals of the desert, who offer no threat, should be left alone.

If the opportunity should present itself, take time out to observe a desert tortoise. There is a large preserve located near California City, California. When you look into his face, you will look beyond time and into the face of antiquity itself. It is a friendly face and one you will never forget.





Mr. Tortoise himself

# Calico

## CALICO, Queen of the Silver Camps

by D. W. Grantham



Next to Virginia City, Nevada and possibly Cerro Gordo, the name of Calico rings through western annals as a silver producer of fabled riches.

Unlike many other silver camps, Calico never petered out. It was (and is) still rich in silver when a severe slump in price of the metal squeezed out its famous mines one by one.

Calico, where the miner's picks came out of the vein literally plated with silver, has never died completely. Today, after a series of revivals and restorations, it is a unit of the San Bernardino County Park System.

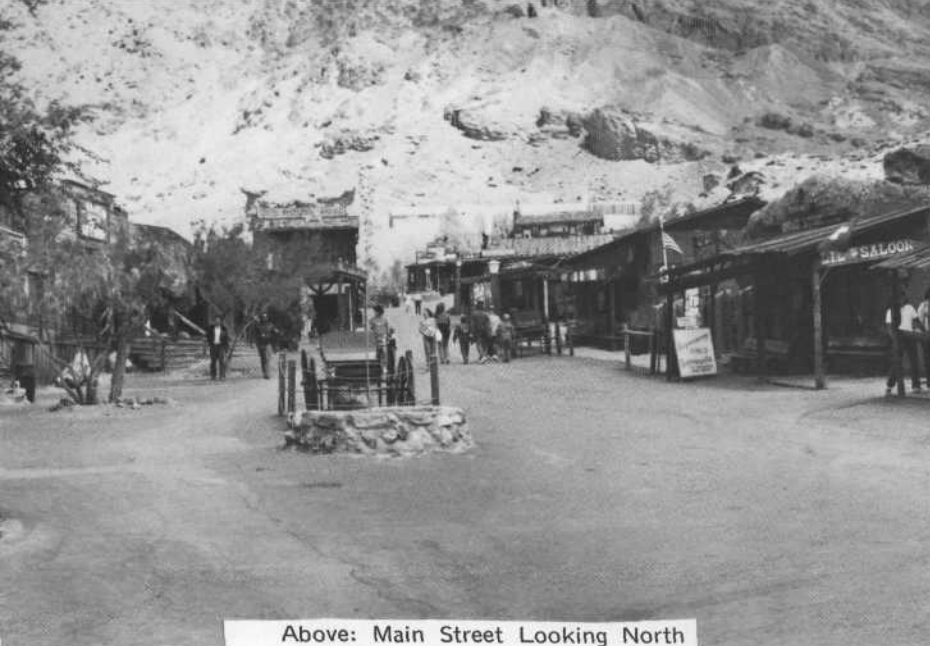
Calico was born in the Spring of 1881, a short period after discovery of the famous Pencil Lead (Lee) mine. R.W. Waterman (re) located the Pencil Lead Lee Mine, north of Grapevine Station, on December 9, 1880. His pencil lead turned out to be very rich silver ore. This discovery started mining exploration in the desert area around what became the town of Waterman, California, on the northside of the River from what would later become Barstow. R.W. Waterman served as governor of California at one time.

Credit for the discovery of the Calico mines goes to 2 brothers, Frank and Charles Mechem. Frank was one of the original discoverers while Charles made the big horn silver strike some weeks later. This second strike caused a rush to Calico that one person described as "the prospectors covered the hills as thick as ants on a scrap of food."



Upper: Overlooking Calico 1985  
Lower: Wagon on Main Street





Above: Main Street Looking North  
Below: Wall Street Canyon



Above: Wall Street Canyon features  
Twisted layers of strata  
Below: Calico's Cable Car Ride



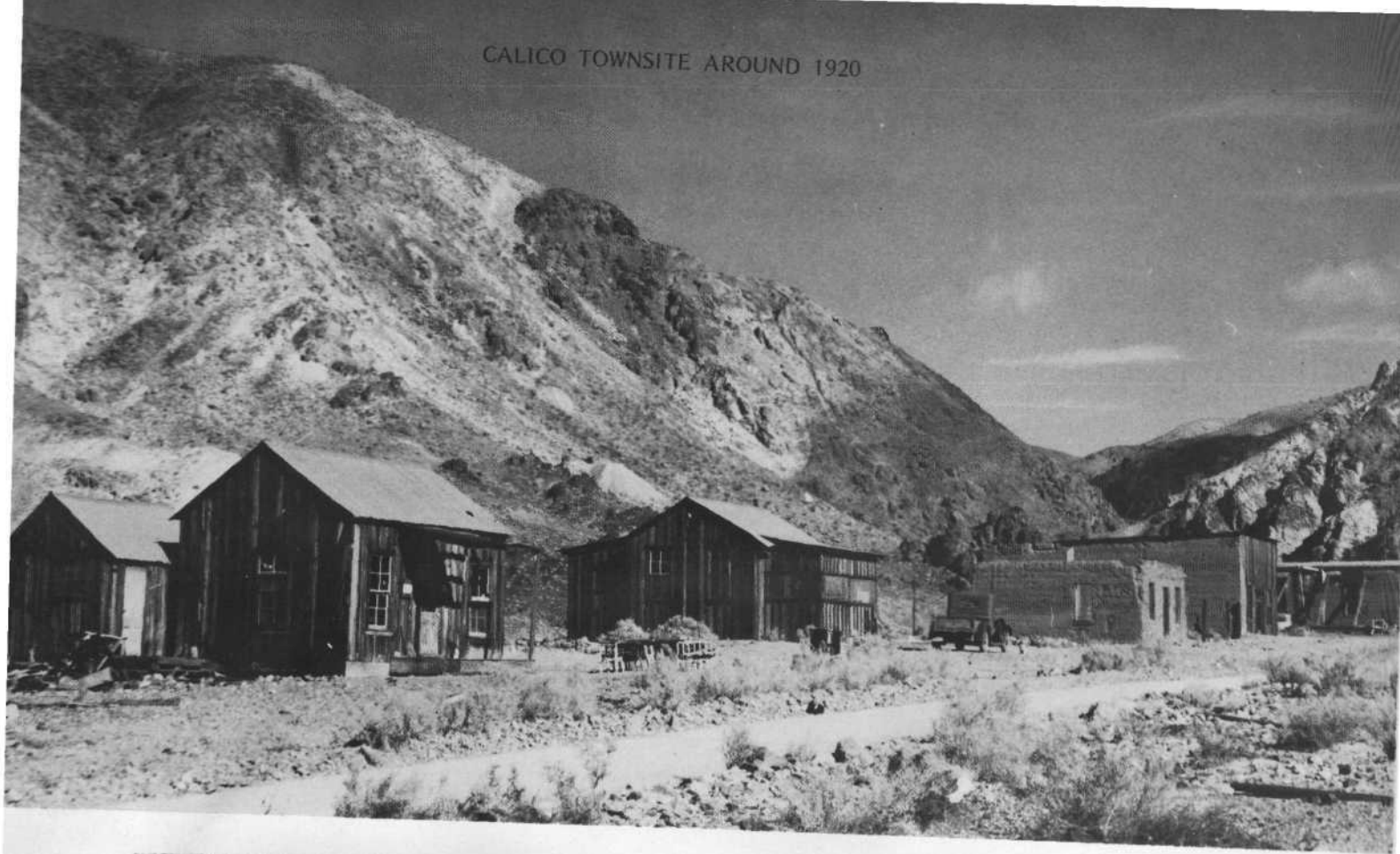
Frank Mecham was grubstaked by Sheriff King of San Bernardino County. He took his uncle, Doc Yager and 2 of Sheriff King's Deputies, Tom Warden and Hues Thomas along as partners. Together, they left for Grapevine Station. They left there intending to explore the mountains to the east. His father had told him of a vein of red material in the "Calico Hills" north of Fish Ponds Station.

They found the vein described by his father and all got busy putting up location monuments. Strangely, within the hour, other parties arrived,

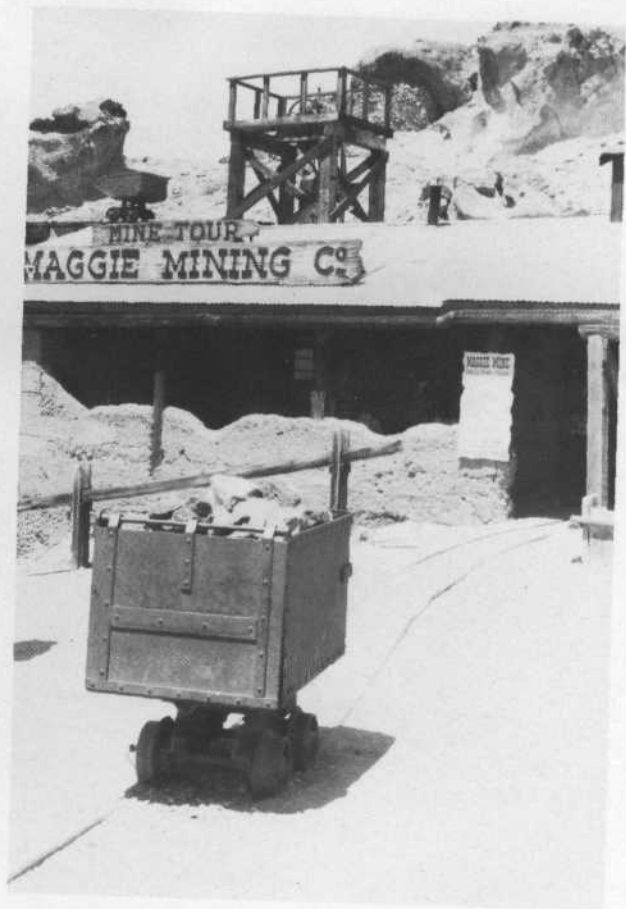
but were too late to stake a claim on the big red vein.

Tom Warden put up an irregular parallelogram monument that later led to the great mining law case of John Doe versus the Waterloo Mining Company. They named their claim the Silver King Mine, after Sheriff King, who had grubstaked them. They collected three samples of ore, which assayed at \$1.00, \$2.00, and \$8.00 per TON, based on silver at \$1.29 per OUNCE, hardly encouraging results.

The low assay values discouraged them from doing development work

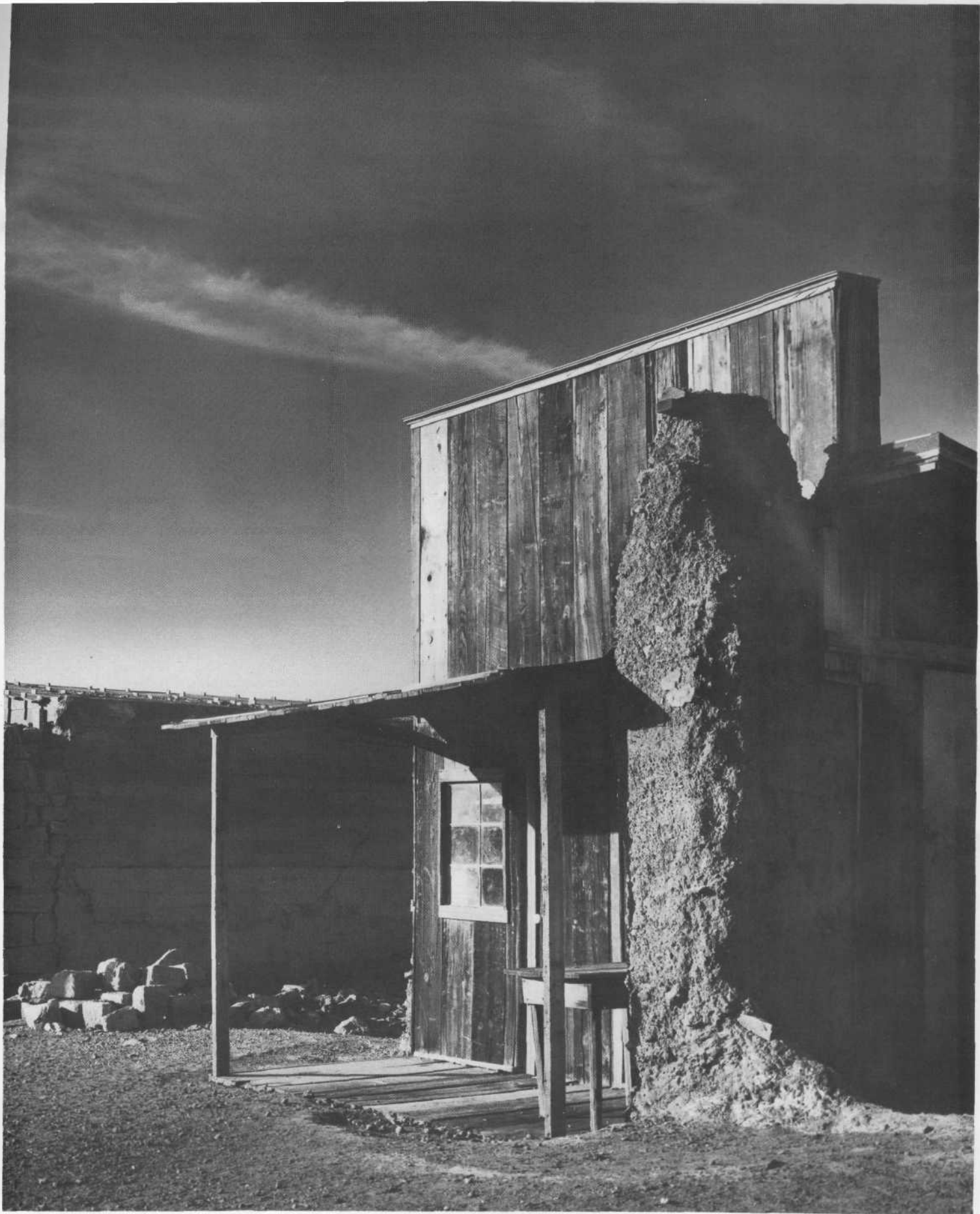


The School House



Entrance to the Maggie Mine, Calico's Gloryhole

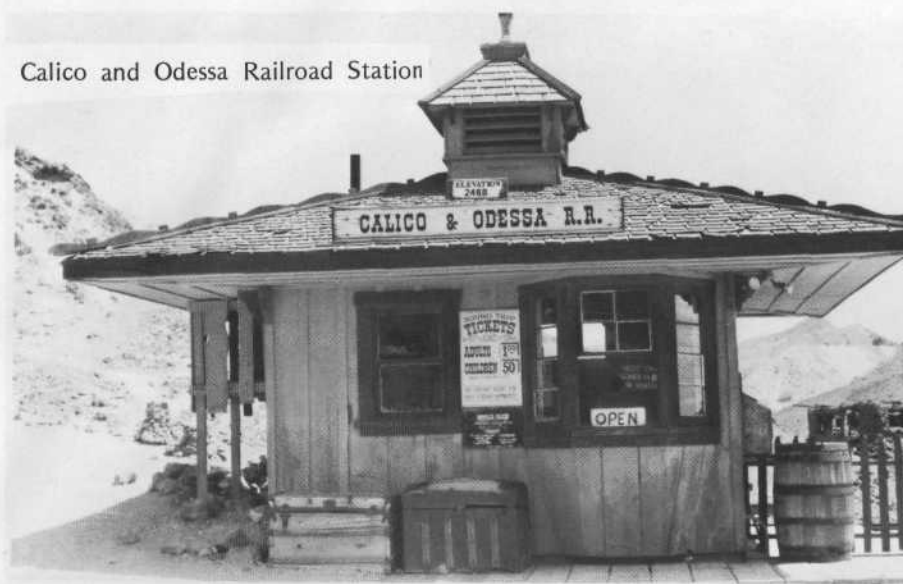




A building on Main Street before restoration



Calico and Odessa Railroad Station



Ore car on display

on their claim. Hues Thomas agreed to return to the claim, but Frank Mecham was working on drilling a well (his regular profession) and could not return. He asked his brother Charles to go in his place. So Thomas and Mecham rode up to the claim, arriving at what they referred to as the low point. There they rested and pondered what to do next.

Thomas, who was a very large man, 6 feet and 4 inches, said to Charles Mecham, who was of ordinary size and only a little more than a boy, "you don't have so much to carry as I do, so you go up the hill and prospect and I will work down here on the vein."

Charles went up the hill above the vein, some 500 or 600 feet to where there was a wide bulge and noticing what he said (looked like blisters on a tamarack tree), started to dig into one with his pick. As he pulled his pick out of the blister, he noticed that his pick point appeared to be silver plated and shining. Breaking into the blister, he found that where the pick had struck, it showed white silver and that the silver on the outside appeared to be of a brownish, amber color. He knew that he had found horn silver and gave a yell to Thomas. Together they dug out enough blisters to fill a sack and quickly returned to San Bernardino, where the ore was placed on exhibit.

John Blackburn, an experienced miner from Ivanpah was hired to do the first real work on the Silver King Mine. Later, Bob Greer was hired as a mucker. Jeff Daley freighted out four horse loads of supplies to start the work with, the first shipment into this new camp. Later, the Silver King Mine shipped 3 cars of ore to a smelter in San Francisco. Two of the cars assayed at \$250 per ton, the third almost \$500 a ton.

H.H. Markham, who was operating in the district for investors from Wisconsin, took a contract to sink a shaft 150 feet deep on the vein and also an option to purchase the Silver King for \$150,000.00. The ore was so good that he exercised the option and paid for it with profits from the mine. However, it was said that each of the discoverers were well satisfied with \$25,000 apiece, a small fortune in those days.





Cemetary at Calico



The Theater at Calico



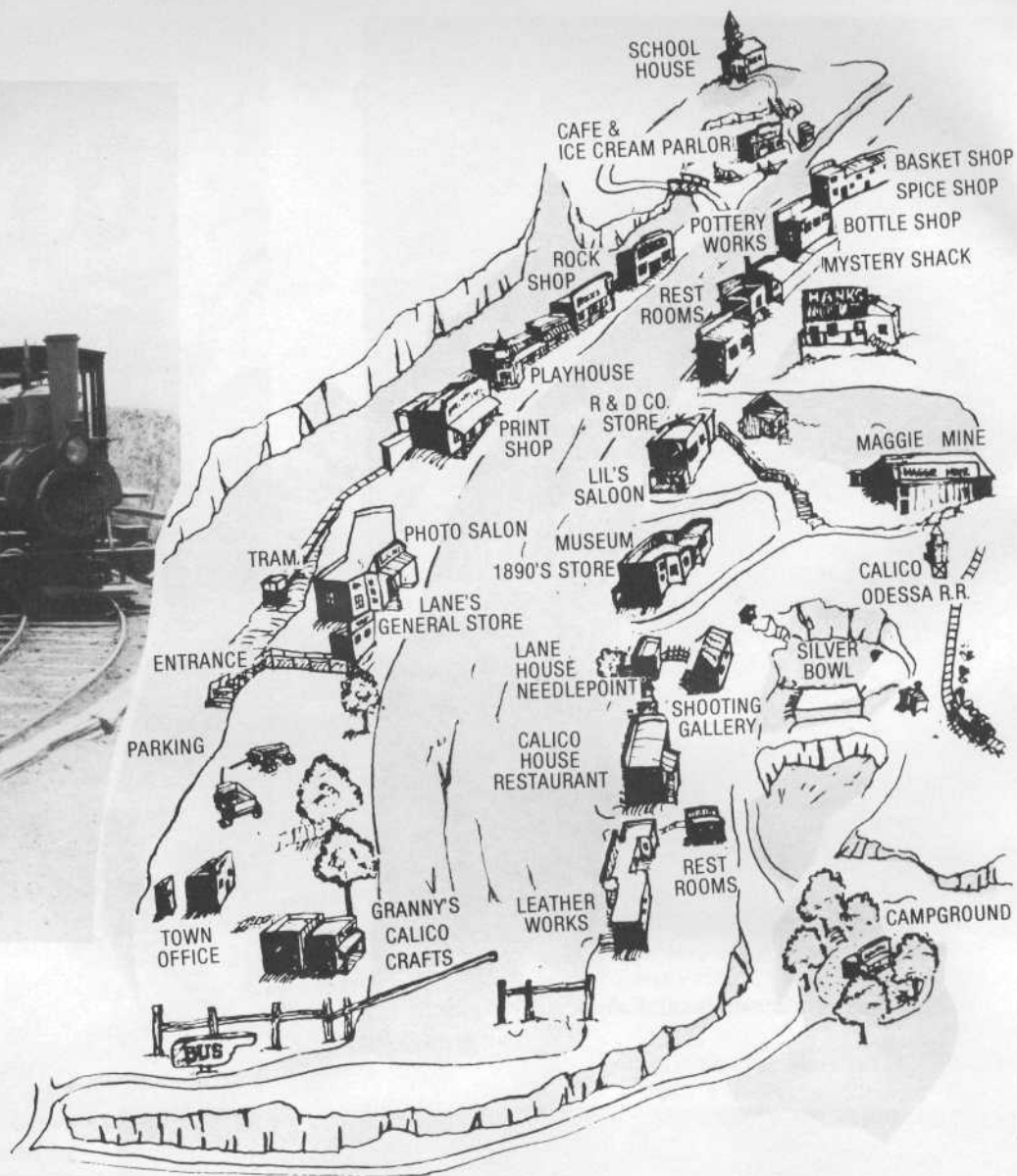
Train of the Calico & Odessa Railroad

After the discovery of the Silver King Mine, Calico came into being in a rush. Not even the almost perpendicular rocky canyons could prevent its becoming a city after the display of Charles Mechem's "Jewelry Rock" samples in San Bernardino.

Despite the fact that the town burned down twice, the camp was so rich that both times it was rebuilt, almost immediately. Calico is located on a narrow plateau of flattened ridge top below the Silver King discovery site, actually south of it. The plateau was so narrow that there was only one street in the town, Main Street. To the west is a deep and steep canyon which the miners named Wall Street Canyon, in reference to its shape, not the New York Street. Wall Street Canyon was at one time quite populated, as many people lived in caves or half-cave, half-house sites along its sides. Today, it serves as a public parking lot, with only a few of the former caves remaining.



Train approaching the station



To the rear of the Main Street businesses and early residences were other houses, perched at the very brink of the canyon, so close did people crowd to utilize the little level land available. As the town grew more and more people located farther out even spilling over onto the flat between the original townsite and Calico Dry Lake. Others built cabins and leanto's in other canyons surrounding Calico. The Bismark Mine was three miles away and had a small population center, called Bismark, but to 9 out of 10 people Calico was their home.

Calico was said to have between 3,000 and 4,000 residents in the mid 1880's. There were several big mines and many smaller ones. The big producers were the Silver King, the Occidental, the Oriental, Bismark, Odessa, Waterloo, and Red Jacket. Over \$80 million in silver bullion was shipped from the Calico District, with the Silver King having the lions share, estimated at \$10 million.

Calico's decline, unlike that of many mining camps, did not come because the ore bodies were depleted. Rather the mills closed

and the miners moved away because the price of silver dropped lower and lower until it was no longer profitable to mine. Silver plunged from \$1.31 to around 60 cents per ounce. Only jewelry rock could be mined at that price, and the days of jewelry rock at Calico were long gone. Calico, today, has the distinction of having sizable silver ore reserves, but the cost of processing would exceed what the metal could be sold for.

Calico in legend has become another Panamint City to many, but



the Calico of the 1880's was a law and order city. It was a community of hard working miners, merchants, and families. There were plenty of legends of shootings, but only a few can be verified, probably less than occurred in Los Angeles during the same period. True, there were saloons and open gambling, dance halls and girls, but such is the case everywhere in the West of the miners.

For a number of years before Calico, the town, was named, the district was known as the Calico Hills due to the mottled coloring of the soil and rocks. There are a number of variations of how the town came to be named Calico. It was at a traditional town meeting that it is said to have been chosen. The names of Buena Vista, Calico, Silver Gulch, and Silver Canyon were suggested. One of the participants, a Mr. Delameter, took it upon himself to write out an application for a post office and insert the name of the requested office as Calico. His request was approved and Calico got a Post Office.

A group of fun loving miners lived in a cave between Main Street and the Silver King Mine. They dubbed their lodgings the Hyena Hotel and in their more playful moments would meet the stagecoach from Daggett with a wheelbarrow, calling out "Hyena Hotel, finest lodgings in Calico."

Across the little canyon east of Main Street was Chinatown. It was said to have had as many as 40 residents. The resourceful orientals soon became tired of descending and ascending the steep canyon sides to reach Main Street, so they built a bridge. Yung Hen was the "Mayor of Chinatown." The Chinese ran laundries and restaurants and did domestic work. There is a story, undocumented, that in 1887 one of the Chinese was a bit too lucky in a gambling parlor to suit the owner who started a movement to clean out Chinatown. As a gang of liquor inspired roughs advanced over the bridge, Yung Hen rallied the Chinese who showered the advancing roughs with flatirons. A second charge brought a second flatiron barrage and

the move to wreck Chinatown literally melted under the rain of loose iron.

Calico was remarkable for its durability. After silver mining had become unprofitable, many of its miners kept going with borax. Upper Calico, or Borate, was the nation's principal borax source in the 1890's. The camp even boasted railroad service.

When the borax operations were moved to Death Valley, Calico began to slumber in the desert sun. Several of the smaller mines were worked on a limited basis. But Calico was never deserted. For a time, the Lanes lived there. The Cokes worked on a limited restoration project. Then, in the early 1950's, Walter Knott, of Knotts Berry Farm fame of Buena Park, purchased the townsite. He drew up plans to restore Calico to her former glory. The town was to again live, with stores, displays, exhibits, rides, and all necessary mining town activity.

This restoration activity continued for some years. The partially rebuilt townsite was then donated to the County of San Bernardino for use as a living history park. Unfortunately, the County has not appreciably restored any additional buildings or sites. But the town does survive as an operating unit of the county parks. Most buildings are open with businesses operating therein. Some of the attractions at Calico are a rock shop, various artisans, numerous eateries, a saloon, old time melodrama, general store, a mine tour, cable car ride, a miniature train ride, some displays, and the usual souvenir shops. Perhaps the greatest attraction that Calico offers is the beauty of the site itself. Even today, one can observe the multi-hued colors of the Calico Hills. A visit to Calico is a worthwhile experience.

To visit this mining camp of yesteryear, drive north on Interstate 15, past Barstow to the Ghost Town Offramp. Proceed north to the park. There is a \$2.00 charge for parking and admission to the town is included. Rides, shows, and tours are extra, but cost only 50 cents to a dollar each. Calico is a good place to take the family for a picnic and tour.

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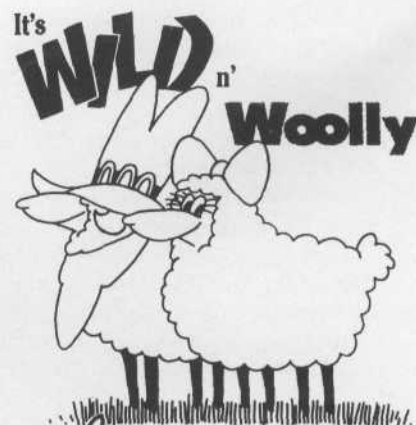
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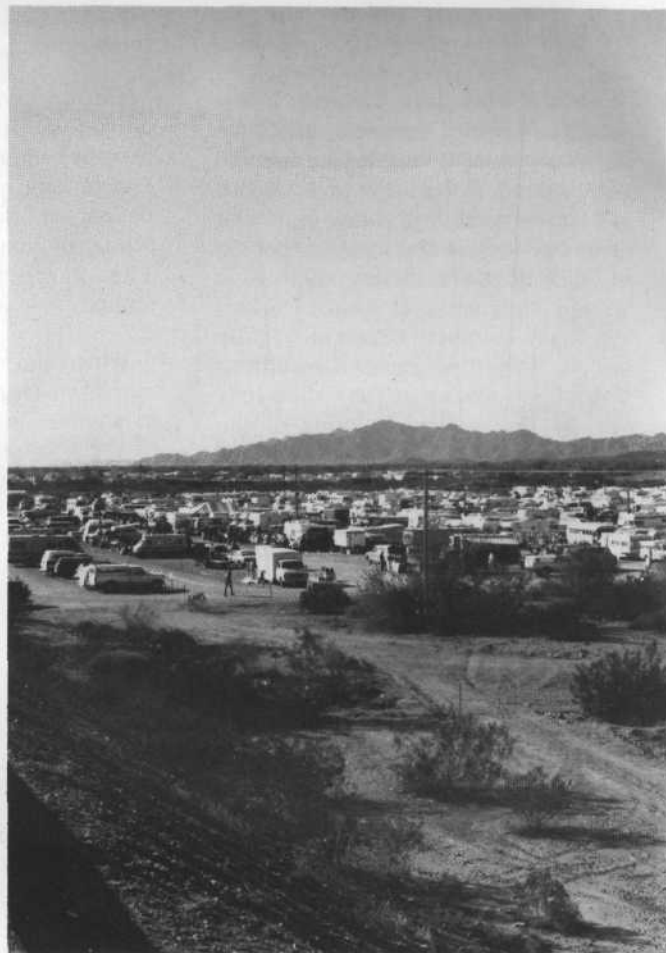
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# The Quartzsite Pow Wow 1985



Some of the Tailgater's at Quartzsite

The nineteenth annual Quartzsite (Arizona) Pow Wow was held from February 7th through the 11th this year. For those who might not be acquainted with the Pow Wow, this is the giant, granddaddy of all rock hound, mineral collectors, antique accumulators, and swap meeter shows. Actually, the Pow Wow has grown from one show into at least three large separate areas of selling and swapping, with numerous small centers of dealing scattered throughout the town. These larger shows/areas are the Pow Wow, Tyson Wells, and Main Event.

The first Pow Wow was held from February 9th through the 13th of 1967. The idea seemed like a good one - to hold a rock and gem show in the heart of Arizona rock hound country. The show would be sponsored by the Quartzsite Improvement Association (QIA), a

local group formed to work for the improvement of Quartzsite and to promote the endless possibilities of residence and recreation in the area. This first show was held in the 'old school' building. It contained 8 displays inside the building and no more than 20 "tailgaters" swapping and selling rocks, gems, jewelry, and minerals around the school building. Attendance was estimated at 1,000 and the show considered a success.

Over the next few years, the Pow Wow grew. A temporary set-back occurred in October 1969 when the QIA building burned. However, this did not stop progress. The 1970 Pow Wow was held in a make-shift building and attendance was good. Most visitors to the 1970 show agree there were a lot of attendees but most seem to remember the big Bar-B-Que of beef--some 3,000 pounds were consumed by visitors.

Growth was inevitable for the Pow Wow. The 1974 show saw an attendance estimated at 200,000, not bad for a small town on the Arizona desert, several hours drive from any large center of population. The tenth show, in 1976, saw attendance grow to 700,000. By now, the Pow Wow was becoming the rock hound event in the West and maybe east. In many ways, the 1984 show set the record. According to different sources, attendance for the entire run of the show was estimated at anywhere from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000. Every trailer park and campground in Quartzsite was filled. The Bureau of Land Management (BLM) offered free parking spaces for recreational vehicles and trailers.

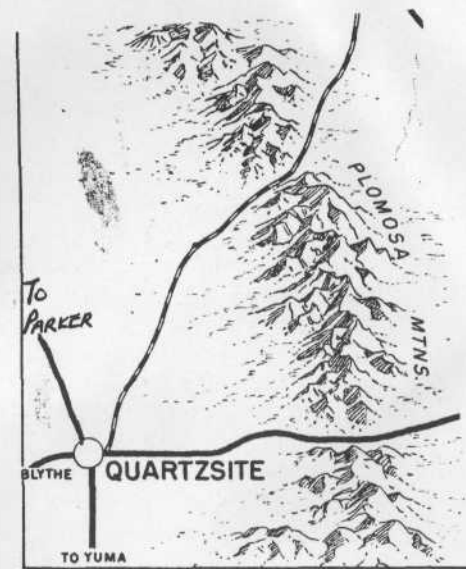
The 1985 show saw a most unique combination of attractions and weather. Perhaps 1985 will live on in history as the year of unusual weather-- it managed to rain, snow,



TOP: Slabs for clocks  
 MIDDLE: Jim carving a cowboy head  
 at the MAIN EVENT  
 LOWER: One of the dealers at Tyson  
 Wells

freeze, and lastly, fog engulfed the valley. But then again, this is not too unusual when one considers that snow caused a cancellation of off-road desert races in Parker, Arizona and blocked the road for a time in Rice, California. DESERT MAGAZINE'S automotive mechanic and his wife, Rich and MaryAnn Hill, of Hill Automotive in Yucca Valley, California, came over for a visit and reported that there was 4 inches of snow on the ground there. Even with these obstacles, and a conflict with the dealers show in Tucson, the 1985 show was well attended. The usual traffic jam was not as severe, with only a half hour required to reach "four corners", the junction of the frontage road with the highway to Parker and Yuma.

Quartzsite started out life as a watering stop along the old stagecoach route and as a supply point for the miners and prospectors







Collectable bottles for sale



The usual Traffic Jam at Four Corners



Selling area of a dealer from Holbrook, Arizona

of the area. Located in town is the Tyson Wells Stage Station. This old adobe building has been restored by the Quartzsite Historical Society and now houses a museum that the members keep open during the Pow Wow. To the side of the Stage Station is a usually dry creek bed called Tyson Wash. About two miles south of town, along this wash is the site of the former community of Los Posos, Spanish for the Wells. Here, water could be found by merely digging down a few feet under the surface. Numerous wells were constructed in the area. Los Posos was destroyed by a flood but the site can still be found. Look for the Indian grinding holes in the rock outcrops in the area. On the east bank of the wash are some Indian petroglyphs, an endangered artifact. The site of Los Posos may be reached by driving south of town on Route 95 to the BLM operated La Posa Campground. The site is a short walk south of the campground along the Tyson Wash.



Shoppers at Tyson Wells



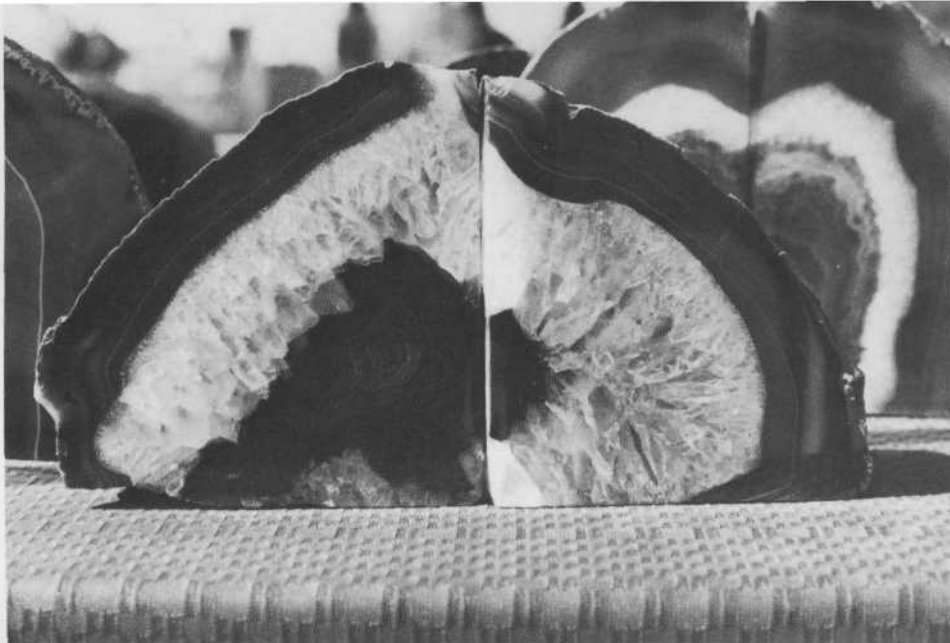
Arizona Windchimes and Souvenirs



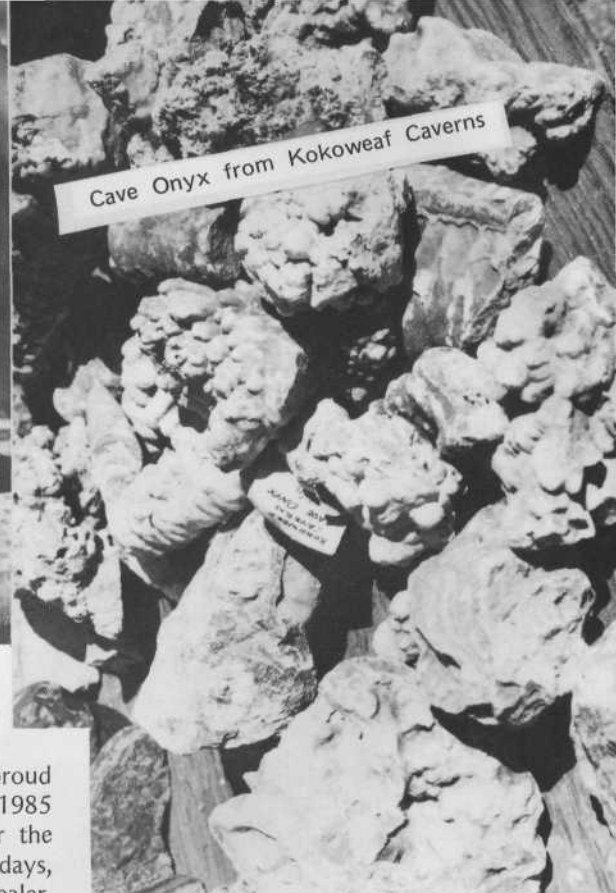
OPAL from the Royal Peacock Mine

Perhaps Quartzsite's best known claim to fame is that of Hi Jolly, a Syrian camel driver who came to America in 1857 along with a shipment of dromedaries. These animals had been ordered by the War Department for use as beasts of burden in the deserts of the Southwest. This venture by the Army proved ill-fated and eventually the camel corps were disbanded. Some of the animals were sold, others turned loose in the desert, creating some tales of desert folklore that survive to this day. After their disbandment, Hi Jolly, whose real name was Hadji Ali, remained in America with some of his flock. He provided services for private freighters and sold some of the animals.

It is said that he was a kind man who loved his animals, even if they were not the most attractive looking creatures. He passed away in 1902



Book ends for Sale



and is buried in the cemetery in Quartzsite. In 1935, the state of Arizona honored him with a memorial, a pyramid shaped monument topped with a camel. This, and his gravesite may be visited today, just north of the frontage road, and west of Highway 95. The site is well marked.

The Quartzsite area abounds in opportunities for the rock hound. Many of these sites have been published in previous issues of DESERT MAGAZINE. The Crystal Hill area south of town has been a good source for quartz crystals for many years. Limonite cubes may also be found in the area. On the road to Plomosa, jasper, agate, and hematite may be found. And along the old highway to Phoenix, Route 60, are sites for Geodes, Apache Tears, quartz crystals, pink marble, chrysocolla, gold bearing quartz, and azurite.

On the way to Quartzsite from Southern California, you will pass the Wiley Well District. Even though this area has been worked for many years, discoveries are still possible. There are several areas where agate, jasper, opal, geodes, and minerals may be found. This may be a good time to revisit the area as the State of California is seriously discussing building a state detention facility in the area and if that occurs, parts of this area may be fenced off.

DESERT MAGAZINE was proud to be a participant in the 1985 shows. We set up a booth near the Pow Wow, and spent several days, wandering from dealer to dealer, shopping for good buys and unique items. Our first stop was at Howard Armstrong's Main Event. Here we found several acres of swap meeters with everything from antiques to bottles to gold mining equipment. On the west side of the Main Event, we found a large assortment of gem and mineral dealers. It would take a person a day or two just to visit all the dealers at the Main Event. I am guilty of buying more than I could carry. The Main Event will certainly be on our list for next year. Howard Armstrong, the owner, informed us that a number of improvements will be made by next year. These include a fully stocked grocery store, a restaurant, showers, with real hot and cold running water, and a larger swapping area.

South of Quartzsite is Tyson Wells. This selling area has around 500 dealers, offering antiques and anything the rockhound could desire. We found large displays of collectable bottles and some of the best amethyst. The opal from the Royal Peacock mines was just fantastic. We must come back here, too.

The QIA building also had some of the more expensive displays of custom made jewelry. Here, it is a contest to arrive early and purchase

the best or most unique pieces first. For the serious shopper, it would take 2 days just to shop this area. Surrounding the Pow Wow are several additional areas of tailgaters, traders, and dealers. At four corners, there was a large Recreational Vehicle Show, including several \$250,000 rigs.

Both of these sites were visited prior to the opening of the Pow Wow. They open at least a week before the Pow Wow to enable visitors to shop all the dealers during their visit. The Pow Wow was crowded as usual. Acres and acres of dealers, tailgaters, and traders, all showing their wares. The Pow Wow is the only show in Quartzsite that has a display of rocks, gems, and minerals that are not for sale. This display is located in the QIA building, with a number of dealers also located therein and around the building. They also had some nice displays of opal.

All in all, the show was really a fantastic trip, despite the weather. Next year, we will plan to spend at least a week in Quartzsite. The next show will be held from February 5th through the 9th of 1986, with both the Main Event and Tyson Wells shows opening about a week before.



## The Man Behind the Myth —

# G E R O N I M O

by William E. Kelley

A group of small boys, copper-skinned and naked, crept among the trees and rocks. Suddenly one threw himself on the ground. With loud whoops the others ran to him and the first one to reach and touch him yelled "coupe". Again and again they repeated this and each time the same boy would reach the "victim" first.

Finally the rest of the boys gave up in disgust, saying to the victor, "We stop. You get all the scalps."

"Sure, me great warrior," the lad boasted with a grin. Great Warrior! Did he have visions of the future? Did he know that some day his name would chill the heart of many a brave man? Did he know what destiny held for him?

Geronimo—Apache war chief! Most historians have drawn a word picture of this great Indian fighter showing him only as a ruthless and cruel savage, waging relentless war upon any and all whites.

But delving back into his life, we find him following the normal pursuits of the Apache life—until that fateful day in 1858.

Born in No-doyohn Canyon, Arizona, in June, 1829, he was a member of the Be-don-ko-be band, which made its home around the waters of the Gila River. His name was Goya-thele. The name Geronimo was given to him by the Mexicans.

As a baby he hung in his cradle at his mother's back. As he grew older, his mother taught him the legends of his people. She taught him to pray to the Great Spirit for wisdom and strength. And when he was big enough he was sent into the fields to help break the ground for the planting of winter food. In the fall the beans, corn, melons, and pumpkins were harvested and stored away in caves to be used when needed.

But the task he really liked was to cut and cure the wild tobacco. He

watched with envy the older boys strutting around smoking their first cigarette, for that meant they had gone out alone and killed big game. Not until he had accomplished that feat would he be allowed to smoke. But that day would soon come. And when it did there would be no laughs and jeers at him for his awkwardness, he thought with satisfaction. Hadn't he been secretly practicing the fine art of rolling the tobacco in oak leaf wrappers for days?

The least of little Goya-thele's and his playmate's worries was clothing. It was something to do without whenever possible, which usually meant all summer. Even in winter very little was worn. Being more modest, the women wore a skirt, consisting of a piece of cotton cloth fastened about the waist and extending to the knees. The men wore breech cloth and moccasins. In the winter they added a shirt.

When Geronimo was small his father died. His body was arrayed in



This is GERONIMO, who was also known by his Indian name, Cow-a-ar-tha, meaning "Tanner". He was not a chief as is generally supposed, according to best information, but was extremely crafty and suspicious, with unusual ability as a warrior.

his finest clothes his richest blanket wrapped around him and his favorite pony saddled and led behind the procession as they carried him to the cave in which he was buried.

Although Geronimo's grandfather had been a great chief of the Mimbreno tribe, his father did not succeed him through heredity, because he had fallen in love and married a girl of the Be-don-ko-be tribe, which made him a member of her people. So it was that a sub-chief,

Mangus Colorado, became chief.

When Geronimo was 17 he was admitted to the council of warriors. Now he could go on the warpath with the others. And now he could marry Alope. Alope of the flashing eyes, the tempting lips, the slender body—a maiden to grace the wickiup of a brave warrior. When he approached her father, he demanded many ponies for her, many more than the young brave possessed. With a whispered word to Alope he left

the village and was gone several days. When he returned he had more than enough ponies to pay for the hand of the Indian girl.

It was in the summer of 1858 that Chief Mangus Colorado took the whole tribe into Mexico, traveling toward Casas Grandes. Shortly before reaching there, they stopped on the outskirts of a small town to camp for a few days. Each day the men would go into town to trade, leaving the camp under the protection of a small guard.

Late on the fourth day, after a successful day in town, they were returning to their camp in high spirits, laughing and singing. Just before reaching camp, they saw some of their women and children rushing toward them. Sensing trouble, Geronimo spurred his pony to meet them. At first he could make nothing of their hysterical words. When he did understand what they were trying to tell him, their words struck bitterness to his heart.

These women and children were the survivors of their camp. A troop of Mexican cavalry had attacked suddenly and swiftly, killing all the men and many of the women and children, including Geronimo's aged mother, wife and three children. Then they had stolen their horses, arms and supplies.

Geronimo gazed on the carnage before him. He was as one turned to stone, his mind numb, incapable of thought or action. He had lost all! For the moment he was conscious of nothing but overwhelming grief. Then slowly, as he looked upon the bodies of his loved ones, a terrible hate grew within him and he vowed vengeance upon those who had done this thing to him and to his people.

That night a council was called and it was decided that as there were but a few warriors left, their arms and supplies gone, they could not fight a winning battle against the Mexicans. So the chief ordered them to prepare at once for the return journey home.

(1) Geronimo (2) Natchez (3) Percio  
and others rest beside a train



When they arrived at their own village, Geronimo burned the wickiup and all the possessions of his beloved Alope and the little ones. Then he burned the things belonging to his mother. Such was the custom. Never again was he content with the quiet life, and never did he forget his vow of vengeance.

It was almost one year later that Chief Mangus Colorado called a council of the warriors, saying:

"Again we have weapons. Again we have supplies. Are you ready to take the warpath against the Mexicans?"

All were ready and eager. Geronimo was elected to seek aid from the other tribes. In making his appeal to them he said:

"I will fight in the front of battle. My loved ones were all killed there, and I too, will die if need be."

Three tribes responded, and it was

not long before they were assembled on the Mexican border. Their families were hidden in the nearby mountains. There they would wait for their warriors to join them.

Traveling on foot, each tribesman carried enough food for three days. They marched an average of 15 hours a day, stopping only to eat. Geronimo acted as guide. He followed the river courses and mountain ranges which afforded concealment from enemy eyes.



Arriving at their destination they made camp—and waited. Early the next morning scouts reported two companies of cavalry and two of infantry were approaching the camp. Watching closely as they drew near, Geronimo recognized the cavalry as those the women had told him attacked their camp. When he informed the chieftains of this, he was told he could direct the battle because he had suffered more than any of the others. This was a great honor and he was determined to exact payment in full.

Despatching part of the braves to attack the rear, he led the charge with a fury that took him into the midst of shouting, screaming men of slashing swords and gunfire. For two hours the battle raged, and when it was over not a Mexican trooper was alive. Then over the bloody field rang the high-pitched, spine-chilling cry of Geronimo, the Apache war-cry.

And there, still covered with the blood of his enemies, hot with the joy of victory, Geronimo was made a war chief of the Apaches.

The others were now satisfied, they felt they had repaid in full the killing of their people. But not so Geronimo. Peaceful pursuits were not for him. From then on he waged constant and relentless war upon any and all Mexicans. Gathering a few warriors, sometimes only two or three, they attacked villages and farms, raiding and killing.

These raids were not always confined to Mexicans, and when white settlers in Arizona territory began to suffer, the U.S. army appeared on the scene.

Chief Cochise was prevailed upon to hold a conference with the military in Apache pass. The young army officer in charge accused him of stealing cattle and attempted to arrest him. Cochise cut his way through the tent wall and escaped, but his fellow chiefs were captured.

After that, there followed a period of treaties made and broken by both Indians and whites, neither trusting

the other. Troops were sent out to capture Geronimo and his band. The wily warrior disbanded and the soldiers could find no hostile camp.

Once it appeared that a peaceful settlement with the Indians was about to be consummated. Then Mangus Colorado was murdered by soldiers. He had gone voluntarily in response to a request from white soldiers to talk peace. He went alone to their camp near Pinos Altos, New Mexico. They placed him under arrest and that night, charging that he had attempted to escape, shot him to death. Years later General Miles wrote, "Mangus Colorado was years ago foully murdered after he had surrendered."

This trickery gave added incentive to Geronimo and his band to resume their war against the whites. There followed another long period of fighting, raiding, killing, with both the American and Mexican troops.

Eventually, Geronimo realized he was waging a losing battle. At this opportune time, a message arrived at his Sonora camp with word that General Miles wanted to talk with him. He was willing, but he did not know Miles and was distrustful. To allay his fears, Miles dispatched Lt. Charles B. Gatewood to Sonora to talk to him.

Lt. Gatewood was well-known to Geronimo and his band. More important, they had great respect and admiration for him. For several years he had been "headman" on the reservation, administering their affairs. He understood their nature and their customs, and he talked their language.

Geronimo greeted the lieutenant warmly and listened attentively when he delivered Miles' message, which was a demand for surrender. Upon being asked for advice, Lt. Gatewood told him his wisest course would be to surrender.

A council was called and the Indians discussed it among themselves. Feeling against the proposal ran high, so Geronimo

informed the officer they felt they could not surrender under the terms offered—which meant giving up their whole Southwest to a race of intruders.

But Gatewood was a diplomat. He played his trump-card, and that was the news that the great bulk of the Mimbreno and Chiricahua Indians, including relatives of Geronimo, who had remained peaceful on the reservation near Fort Apache, already had been rounded up and sent to Florida.

This was a severe blow to the war-chief. He called his band together for another discussion, finally telling Gatewood he would give him his final decision the next morning. Keeping his word, he met him and announced he would meet Miles, on condition that Gatewood accompany them. Also that he and his men should be allowed to keep their arms, Gatewood agreed. The following morning the entire band started for Skeleton canyon, reaching there in 11 days.

Here General Miles greeted Geronimo with these words, "Geronimo, if you will agree to this treaty all will be well. I will build you a house. I will give you cattle, horses, and farming tools. In the winter I will give you blankets and clothing so that you will not suffer from the cold."

Geronimo nodded agreement. A large stone was placed on a blanket before them and the general said, "Until this stone crumbles to dust, so long will our treaty last."

Then he swept away a spot of ground clear with his hand saying, "Your past deeds shall be wiped out like this and you will start a new life."

And as the old Indian fighter nodded his head in silent agreement, the ghost of a little copper-skinned lad whispered proudly:

"Sure, me great warrior."

# NEVADA'S

## VALLEY OF

## FIRE

by Cheryl Watson

Some 28,000 years ago, before the name Las Vegas became synonymous with glamorous resorts, gaming, and lavish entertainment, prehistoric man was chasing the now extinct great ground sloth across the then somewhat tropical Vegas Valley.

These primal humans, their history only partially known to modern archaeologists, reached the Vegas Valley after crossing over to the American continent from Siberia. But each year many of the millions of visitors to Las Vegas roam over the same ancient ground, but after a much less arduous trip, usually in their air conditioned automobile. This place is the area now preserved as the Valley of Fire State Park.

Within the park's 18,000 colorful acres are hundreds of clearly visible petroglyphs— ancient Indian rock writings and signs—and fantastically shaped rock formations in a spectrum of brilliant hues that continually change from deep purples to bright reds as the desert sun passes over the valley.

For many years the area was known simply as "Red Rock". But in

the early 1920's, an executive from the Automobile Club of Southern California (AAA) got his first glimpse of the valley as the morning sun drenched the steep pinnacles of red sandstone. The vivid sight caused him to remark that the "valley was on fire." This impromptu description struck a responsive chord with park officials who promptly renamed the park "Valley of Fire".

So vivid is the coloration of the many unusual cliffs and canyons, their weird shapes sculptured by centuries of wind erosion, that the park has become a must for both amateur and professional photographers, those interested in western archaeology, nature lovers who make short hiking trips over numerous foot trails left by past civilizations, or just the casual tourist who wants to see first hand the site of Las Vegas' prehistoric pioneers.

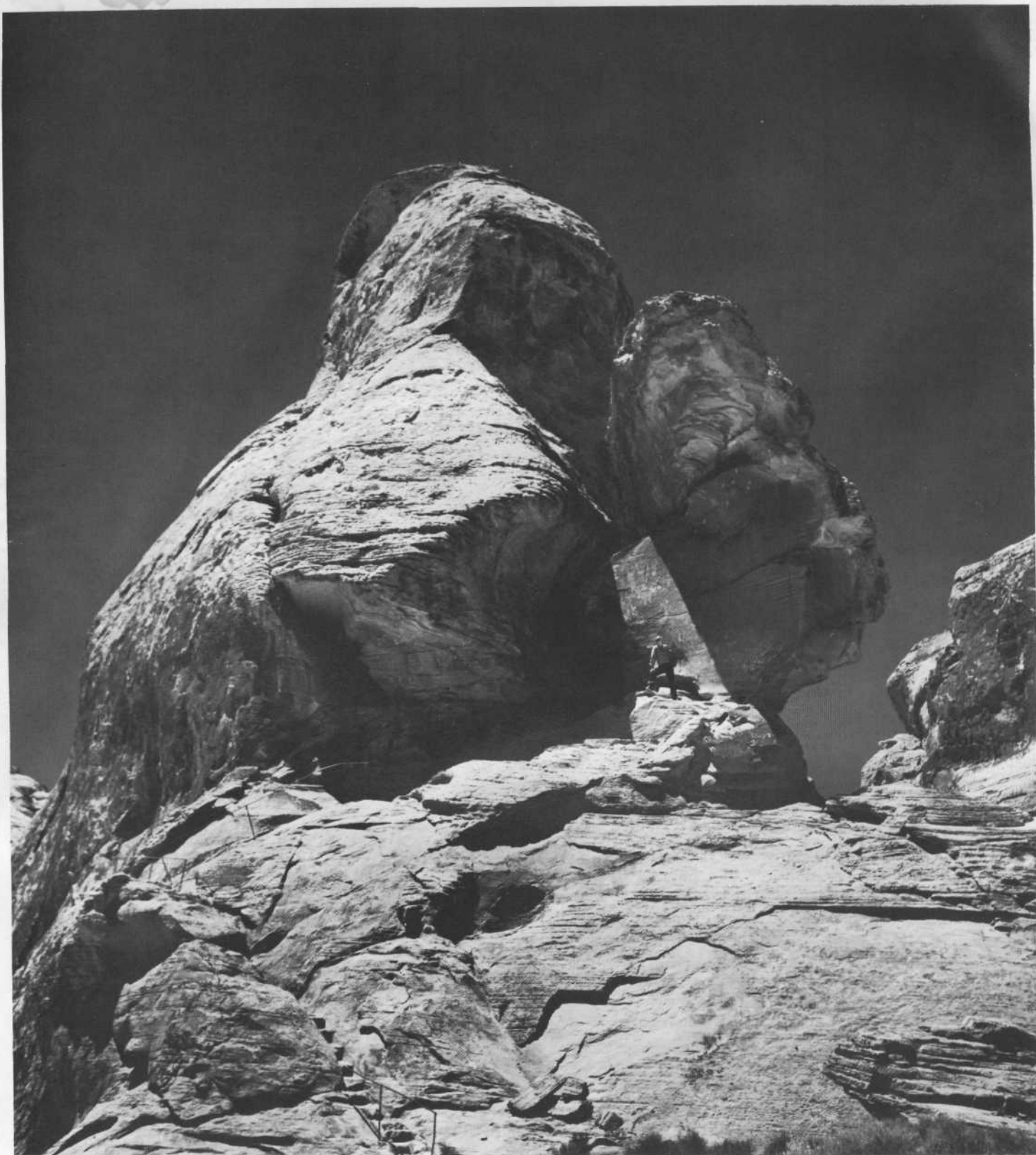
One of the most popular visitor attraction, liberally steeped in western lore, is Mouse's Tank. This secluded section is neither a tank in the usual sense nor is it inhabited by mice. The "tank" is actually two stone water pockets discovered by a

renegade Indian whose tiny stature and quick scurrying movements earned him the nickname "Mouse" by his tribe.

Mouse utilized nature's hidden water storage tanks as a hideaway after murdering two white prospectors while they were camped overnight near the Colorado River. The Indian outlaw reportedly used his secret cove on numerous occasions to avoid meeting up with a roving posse during the late 1800's.

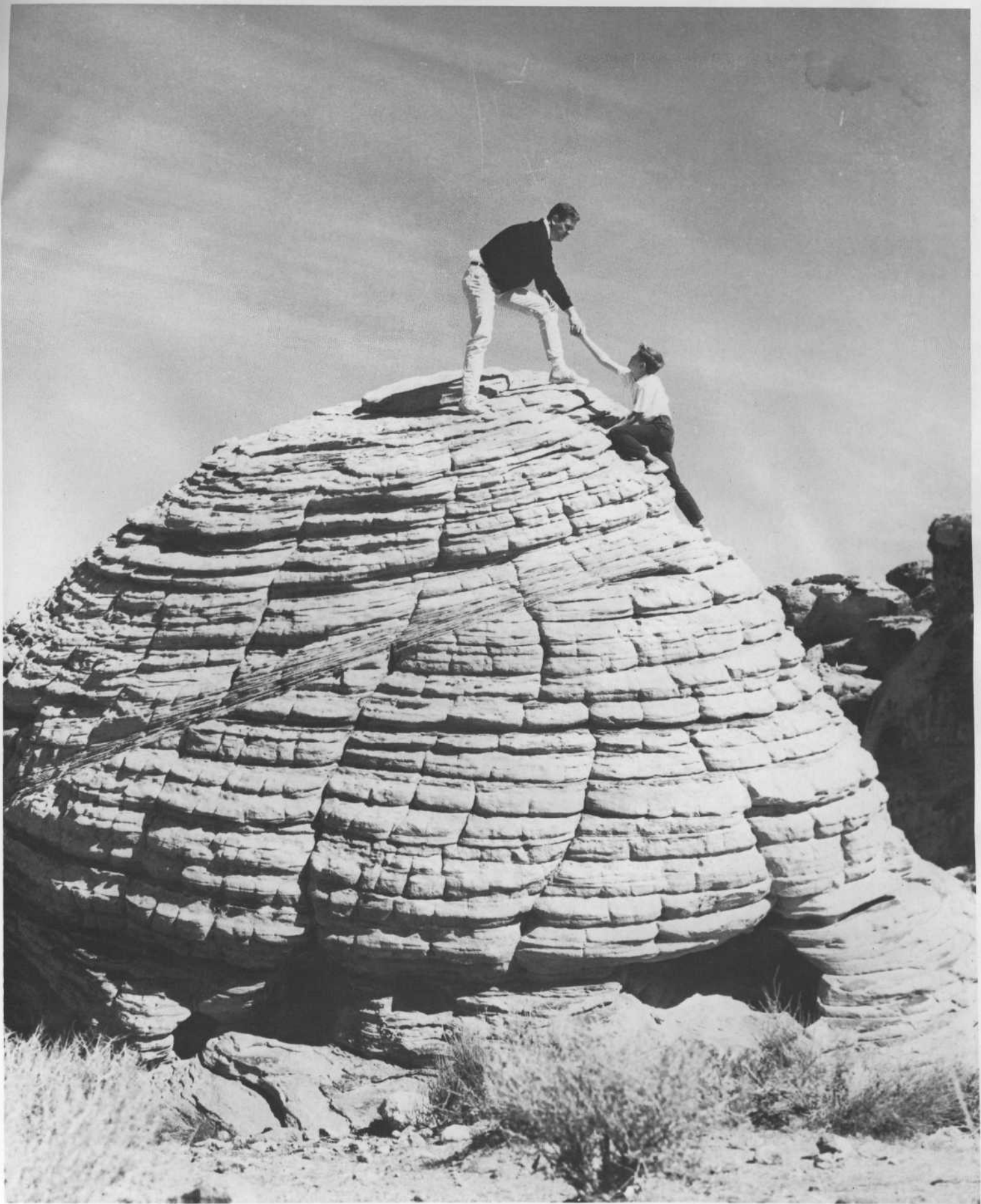
Another unusual sight is "Elephant Rock." This massive formation, carved by centuries of wind resembles a behemoth elephant of the kind that roamed the earth millions of years ago.

Visitors to the Valley of Fire State Park always marvel at the Indian sign writing areas, and the most prominent of these is Atlatl Rock. The word "atlatl," pronounced at - ul - at - ul is Aztec in origin and means "spear thrower." The petroglyphs in and around Atlatl Rock are reported to be the most ancient ever discovered in the West.



ATLATL ROCK





One of the BEE HIVE ROCKS



ELEPHANT ROCK

Nevada, known today as the Lost City.

In a nearby area are the "Beehive Rocks." These enormous boulders weighing thousands of tons are so like authentic beehives that some visitors have remarked that they expect mammoth bees to emerge from openings at their bases.

The spectacular red coloration of all the rock formations in the park is made more striking by the lush green of the Brittle bush which covers the valley floor, and in some areas extends up the slopes of the mountains. This desert flora, which bursts forth each Spring with delicate yellow flowers, was called "incense" bush by the early Spaniards who extracted gum from the plant which they dried and burned as incense. However, the Spaniards were not considered inhabitants of the valley, but discovered it on their treks through the area.

Historians say the most recent inhabitants of the valley were the Paiute Indians whose descendents live today on a small reservation north of Las Vegas. Before the Paiutes, ancestors of Arizona's Hopi Indians occupied the valley from 600 to 500 B.C. The most advanced people to inhabit the valley were the Pueblos, who set up primitive housekeeping and brought new ideas and skills and eventually built Pueblo Grande de

Actually, the city was never lost, or in fact, even misplaced. But it fell into disuse and ultimate ruin when the Pueblos moved out centuries ago. It even could be Nevada's first Ghost Town. White settlers who followed dropped the long Spanish city title and substituted the now familiar name, "Lost City." But while the city was "lost" to the advance of progress stimulated by the white man, the city harbored a rich trove of archaeological treasures, most of which are preserved and on display at the Lost City Museum located north of the park in the town of Overton, Nevada.

This rustic museum, built in the classic adobe fashion houses the largest and most complete collections of the early Indian tribes in Nevada. Also on display are rare examples of the civilization of the 12,000 year old Gypsum cave people who shared the valley with the great ground sloth, predecessor of the three-toed, hairy mammal about two feet in length, found today only in South America, usually hanging upside down from tree branches.

In addition, the museum features woven baskets of unbelievable antiquity, made by a tribe known only as "Basketmakers", and dated

about 3,000 B.C. Hundreds of ruins north of the park are still under excavation by archaeologists and park personnel who hope to gain additional knowledge of their ancient civilizations.

Present day visitors may reach the Valley of Fire State Park by a 43 mile scenic route that winds through majestic mountains and at several points provides a panoramic view of Lake Mead, one of the largest man made lakes in the world, or by a shorter and faster route by driving north on Interstate 15 to its junction with Highway 91-93 and then going south.

Ideal resort weather permits the park to remain open all year around, and numerous camp and picnic areas, with water, have been established by park employees for the convenience of visitors. Numerous films have been produced in the area.

Visitors never cease to be amazed that this enormous park of vivid, contrasting colors and weird rock formations, blanketed in complete silence such as man may find on the Moon, is just a short drive from the around-the-clock glamour and excitement of Las Vegas, but a word of difference. Why not plan to visit the Valley of Fire State Park?

# The Lost Dutchman Mine Revisited: Part II

by Dr. David Redd

In the last issue, we read about the lost gold mines of the Peralta Family that many believe still remain lost to this day. Over the years this story, and many variations thereof, have been told, retold, published and republished, fabricated, rearranged, and generally supplemented, usually with a dash of imagination or a little "spice" added to make the story more interesting.

It is this spicing or fabricating effect that makes stories and research on the Lost Dutchman Mine difficult. Very quickly one will reach the point where it is almost impossible to tell where facts leave off and fantasy begins. As with most lost mine stories, the imagination is given a license to run absolutely wild. After all, a lost mine is, until found, just a figment of one's imagination, and there is nothing illegal, taxable, or fattening in having a very vivid imagination.

After the death of Dutch Jacob, a number of searches were made for his mine, mostly inspired or organized by Julia Thomas and her remembrances of what the Dutchman said on his deathbed. Whether these stories are fact or the memory of a dying man suffering from a loss of reason will never be known. Thomas does admit that the Dutchman gave her a map to his lost mine and she believed that the path led into the Superstition Mountains. But one must consider that Thomas was not familiar with the mountains surrounding the little town of Phoenix and could have mistaken the Superstitions for the Bradshaws, for example. And the Dutchman was known to have mined and prospected in the Bradshaws in the mid 1860's.

The Lost Dutchman Mine Saga was largely forgotten until the time of the Great Depression. But this is apparently the time that the legend was given a new life. However, that new life, for those who looked beyond the sensational news headlines of the day, was for the lost Peralta Mine or mines.

The gentleman for whom we owe this revival was named Adolph Ruth. Mr. Ruth came to the Superstitions from the eastern part of the United States. Consider for a moment, an easterner, but not an inexperienced one, entering the Superstitions for the first time. Those of us who have been there know what they can do to a person. The outer reaches of the mountains resemble to a degree the outer walls of a medieval fortress. Towering over the desert, as if to ward off attack from any invader, the long, slow curve of the range captures and holds secure within itself hundreds of square miles of tortured, inhospitable land. The inner area, accessible from the south and east (only) and then only by the canyons which here and there penetrate the fortress' ramparts, cast a most forbidding vista.

This is a country of soft pudding like stone thrown up in the volcanic upheavals of prehistoric times, then gashed and carved into fantastic shapes by torrential rains, resulting in a maze of draws, passes, and canyons which crisscross and interlock in a pattern of wild confusion. Mostly bare of vegetation except for mesquite, greasewood, and the cottonwood trees that grow on certain of the canyon floors, almost waterless except for the rainy season,

it is a place where shadows lengthen eerily at dusk, where compass directions are undependable, and where a man or group may easily become lost or prey to ambush or the elements. It is both a beautiful and terrifying place.

Adolph Ruth was an employee of the Federal Government in Washington, D. C. He was a father to two sons, Earl and Erwin, again, both employed by the federal government. It was Erwin who was to get involved with the Peralta story. Somewhere around 1913, Erwin Ruth was sent to Texas to work as an inspector for cattle imported into the United States from Mexico. While stationed there, some Mexican friends told him about two gold mines in the United States that were formerly operated by Mexican citizens. One of these was alleged to be in the mountains of Southern California's desert, near the area known as Anza-Borrego, the other in Arizona. The Arizona mine, though owned for at least three generations by the Peralta family (and very rich in gold) had been worked at rare intervals in the old days because of the threat of attack by hostile Apache Indians. And since the transfer of that area to the United States by Mexico through the Gasden Purchase, it was no longer legal for Mexican citizens to mine there— or so they believed. Now long since abandoned, the mine would belong to the person who would find and reopen it. A Peralta relative gave Erwin Ruth a map to the mines.

On his return to Washington, D. C., Erwin Ruth turned the stories and map of the mines over to his father. Later, they both made a search for the California mine in the mountains of San Diego and Imperial Counties.



While on this futile search, Adolph Ruth suffered a severe leg injury. Mr. Ruth fell from a ledge and broke one of his legs. The break was bad and required the insertion of a silver plate on his leg to hold it together. This accident laimed him for life and it became his habit to use a cane when walking.

For years thereafter, Adolph Ruth, who had fallen victim to the lure of lost mines, planned and dreamed. But he could not be discouraged. For his exploration of the Arizona site, he would have to cope with several severe handicaps, his age and lameness. And then there was the summer heat, lack of water, and the rough, barren, and uncharted wilderness.

In May of 1931, Ruth left his Washington D.C. job and went west by automobile. He had planned this adventure for a long time and was prepared. Accompanying him was a carefully selected assortment of supplies, including digging tools, a pair of boots, and light shoes for use in camp.

Upon arriving in the area, Adolph Ruth was directed to the Bark Ranch. There he attempted to hire someone to pack him into the search area. The owner, Mr. W. A. Barkley told him that it would be several days before he could help him, as he had cattle to round up and deliver. Besides Mr. Barkley, there were two prospectors and several cowhands present at the ranch.

Adolph Ruth told them of his mission, and in Barkley's absence, hired the prospectors to take him into the Superstitions. That was on June 14, 1931. The day afterward, Barkley returned to his ranch and was told of Ruth's departure. Barkley

was upset at something and rode, at once, to the Ruth camp, taking one of his cowhands with him. He had a hunch, he was to say later.

Upon arrival, they found Adolph Ruth's bed and campsite, but also, strangely, his boots were there. There was no sign of Ruth, however. It took the experienced Barkley and his cowhand only a matter of minutes

for to determine that Ruth had not been at his camp for at least the past 24 hours. And apparently he had left, wearing only his light shoes, in a country that literally eats boots.

On the remote chance that Ruth was nearby, possibly injured, in some spot that they had overlooked or not checked, the two searchers shouted Ruth's name repeatedly and fired their guns. As there was no response, the two returned to the ranch and notified the Sheriffs of both Pinal and Maricopa counties. The next morning a search was begun by the deputies and volunteers.

Many search parties combed the mountains that summer, and into fall, all attempting to solve the mystery of Ruth's disappearance. Mrs. Ruth offered a reward, but no one came forward. Erwin Ruth came to Phoenix and spent some weeks directing searches. However, it was six long months before the fate of Adolph Ruth became known.

The discovery of Ruth's fate (and a brutal one at that) was the result of a search conducted by the Phoenix newspaper, The ARIZONA REPUBLIC. Early in December 1931, the paper sent a well equipped expedition into the Superstitions to seek the missing man. In the thick brush overlooking West Boulder Canyon, about one hundred feet above the canyon floor, one of the dogs of the search party came upon a skull--to which pieces of flesh were still attached. The skull was later identified as belonging to Adolph Ruth. And that was not all. The skull had two unnatural holes in it. The skull was sent to the National Museum where it was examined. These holes were bullet holes, they replied. And from a gun fired at such an angle that the victim could not have possibly fired the shot himself. It was from a large caliber weapon, a .44 or .45.

Then in January 1932, Barkley and a Maricopa Deputy Sheriff made yet another discovery. At a considerable distance (3/4 mile) from the spot where the skull was found, they located a dismembered skeleton, the identity of which was easy to determine. Among the scattered

bones was a silver surgical plate. In the pockets of the trousers were some trinkets that belonged to Adolph Ruth, and in the coat pockets were papers in his (Ruth's) handwriting, but NO Mexican map or documents were found there or at his camp site.

There was a memo book in which there had been noted in ink, most carefully and tantalizingly, what one can only presume to be a guide to the location of the lost mine. "It lies within an imaginary circle whose diameter is not more than five miles and whose center is marked by the Weaver Needle, about 2500 feet high, among a confusion of lesser peaks and mountainous masses of basaltic rock."

"The first gorge on the south side from the west end of the range--they found a monumented trail which led them northward over a lofty ridge, thence downward past Sombrero butte, into a long canyon running north, and finally to a very deep tributary canyon, very rocks, and densely wooded with a continuous thicket of scrub oak....."

The writing was broken off at this point, but written below were these words "VENI, VIDI, VICI," along with a pencil notation, "about 200 feet across from cave." These words are Julius Caesar's famous words "I came, I saw, I conquered. What does it mean? Did Ruth find a lost mine?

Or were these just words of encouragement? These questions, along with those pertaining to the murder, will never, officially be answered. Along with this tragedy came the rumors, sensational headlines, and speculation. Wasn't it likely that the mine Ruth sought was in reality the famous Lost Dutchman? It could very well be. A story developed that the Dutchman had murdered his partner. Blood on the gold? The newspapers and writers had a field day with the possibilities. This, along with subsequent disappearances and murders, led to the development of a gold mine of lost mine and horror stories.

NEXT: The Dutchman himself

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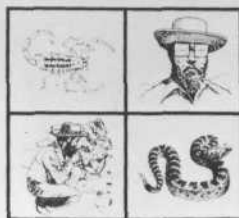
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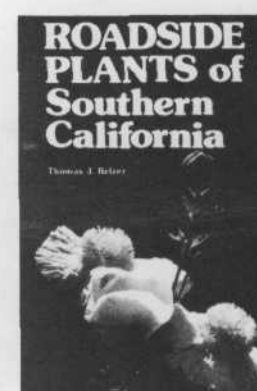
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